# THE COMMONWEAL

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# HALF-WAY HOUSES

KARL ADAM declared recently that "the man who would have you believe that Protestantism is dying is an imbecile." And Karl Adam happens to be, all things considered, the most observant and experienced German Catholic student of the contemporary religious situation. In the United States, where a variety of social circumstances have combined to estrange a very large number of people from religious practice, the effective vitality of at least a number of denominations is nevertheless probably quite as great as it ever was. Now experience of various kinds has induced most Catholics to look for evidences of this vitality in recurrent abuse of and hostility toward themselves. Wherever religion and politics meet, an explosion of old covenanter feeling is always pretty sure to follow. But all this is really not vitality at all. It is only the hang-over from an antiquated tradition long since buried under the newer currents of historical and scientific thinking. Today a man who suspects everything Catholics do of dishonesty and malignity (after the fashion of Knox or Foxe) is, if he be logical, barred from accepting the great scientific theory of Mendel and the historical importance of Mercier. No one need bother to accuse such a man of vitality. He happens to be a couple of centuries dead.

The true vitality of Protestantism is manifested by its reaction to environment, and environment in this country is frankly pagan. To strike at the roots of indifference to religion and the moral code, to uphold frankly and uncompromisingly the basic truths and standards of Christendom—this is the only way in which any adherent of Christianity, no matter with what group he may be aligned, can assert himself vigorously. Therefore it is plainly the business of Catholics to consider the efforts being made by Protestant communions to deepen and strengthen the religious life of America, and to work toward the same ends wherever possible. If, for example, we feel that all citizens in this country who are honestly of the faithful should view the activities of the present Mexican government with resentment and alarm, then obviously we ourselves ought to be charitably sympathetic toward the anxiety of various far-seeing Protestants about the religious education of young Americans. Both problems are rooted in history. Catholicism in Mexico was for a long time governed by conditions arising out of the protectorate exercised by the Spanish crown. Public-school instruction in the United States, it was assumed for many years, was Christian in character and so the necessity for giving it a definitely religious inspiration was overlooked for a century. To create a satisfactory system of denominational schools


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is now practically out of the question, unless a definite change in the whole nation's attitude toward education is brought about. Therefore a vast problem is brought into being, the solution of which interests all of us most deeply.

We have stressed this matter because we feel that, as was implied in the leading editorial of last week, a magazine like The Commonweal can have for one of its purposes—as no other existing publication can have—the discovery of realities in which Catholics and non-Catholics share a common interest. These realities are generally civic or social in character. They imply principles of moral or spiritual conduct inextricably bound up with the imitation of Christ and which are still accepted, at least nominally, by what is called contemporary civilization. They are of especial concern to the layman because they affect very directly the sphere of activity in which his life as a professional or political citizen is cast. The spread of crime, for instance, is plainly due in a large measure to the increasing ignorance of religious truths. Here both cause and effect are reprehensible to all Christians, and all must coöperate to remove them. We have never been within a mile of thinking that the Shaker code could win our allegiance, but the fact remains that sincere Shakers are most unlikely to engage in professionalized murder and arson. We have sternly avoided the blandishments of Norwegian Lutheranism, but we are glad to know that the Norwegian Lutherans conduct very good hospitals for the poor.

Now if all these things are illustrations of genuine Protestant vitality in a nation like ours at present, there are other signs and symptoms which have become more numerous during the past two years. These are characterized as a whole by what may be termed a new reaction to the Catholic Church. Writing about the spirit of Saint Francis in the current Christian Advocate, Dr. Lynn Harold Hough, a Detroit Methodist Episcopal pastor, has these pertinent remarks to make:

"The spirit of Francis would make it impossible, for instance, for a Christian who is a Protestant to say that he will not vote for a Christian who is a Catholic, for high public office in the United States. Religious freedom was the gift of the Catholic colony of Maryland as well as of the Protestant colony of Rhode Island. In every war, sons of Catholic fathers, in full loyalty to their faith, have shed their blood on all the battlefields of freedom. In great patriotic loans, Catholic wealth has been drawn upon with unhesitating eagerness. It is surely clear enough that a man who belongs to a group whose blood has been shed upon every one of our battlefields, and whose purse has been opened to all our national needs, cannot be refused the highest office just because he belongs to that group. Doubtless there are Catholics for whom no sagacious man would vote when office of high public trust is at stake. Doubtless there are Protestants for whom no sagacious man would vote when searching demands in respect to ability and character are made. But the question must be decided on the basis of personal character and . . . ability."

These words are not, we say gladly, those of a voice crying in the wilderness. They can be overheard in numerous places and would be listened to more attentively if the energies of publicity were not so fiercely devoted to setting forth words opposite in character and really unworthy of consideration. One might profitably add to them a great deal of the fine praise of Father Albino Muretti, contributed to a recent issue of The Outlook by Dr. Francis Greenwood Peabody, a prominent Unitarian and a former professor in Harvard University. Of Father Muretti, director of the Little House of Divine Providence at Verezzo, Italy, where boys are cared for with no strings attached and in the noblest Franciscan spirit, the world has heard little enough. Dr. Peabody, contrasting the simple religious mood of this blessed refuge for needy lads with the methods of social science, says that one might well learn at Verezzo "the perennial and undiminished effect of a chastened and consecrated character, the redemptive power of the life of grace." Thus he expresses a consciousness of the value of Catholic life and action which probably does not always distinguish Catholics themselves and which is a reliable proof of religious vitality.

To go on adding to this testimony would not be difficult, but it would only enforce the same obvious conclusion: that America today is not blind to the nobility of the saints or the beneficent action of the sacraments. The mystical riches of the Church are now particularly coveted, notably by men who—with their age—have grown tired of rationalism and mere accumulated facts. Surely no task could be more imperative or gracious than that of making all this spiritual splendor and truth available to men and women who have not the strength to dig it out for themselves or who are kept aloof by prejudices. Organizations like the Georgia Laymen's Association have demonstrated satisfactorily that the defense of religion against current misapprehensions is quite possible. Other agencies—in particular the National Catholic Welfare Conference—have made perfectly clear the readiness of Catholic to participate in the solution of social and civic problems. And therefore it may reasonably be added that The Commonweal looks forward hopefully toward the work it considers one of its own primary objects: the recognition and development of religious vitality in American life, the revival of the spirit of Christendom as the motive power of civilization. We think it goes without saying that wherever this vitality exists, it is sympathetically interested in Catholic things. We, for our part, will be sympathetically interested in this vitality.

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# THE COMMONWEAL

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## WEEK BY WEEK

THE Congress of the Austrian Social Democratic party, as held in Linz last week, was characterized by an interesting recession of extremism. While various Viennese voices were lifted in support of the Russian experiment and the immemorial antagonism to all religion, the mood of moderateness prevailed even in the new platform adopted by the party. One can naturally ascribe a great deal of this lofty reasonableness to the desire to conciliate peasant voters on the eve of elections likely to prove critical in the history of the nation, but opportunism was by no means the only note stressed. Some of the delegates went so far as to suspect that here and there a free-thinker was displaying an utterly ferocious dogmatism much more "priggish" than anything sponsored by the clergy. Herr Bauer, the most brilliant of the Socialist leaders, sternly put down all praise of Sovietism and denounced the use of force with a vigor that must have reminded the old city of Linz of much tremendous rhetoric heard there in days long since gone by. On the vital matter of education, however, no real change of front was effected. To say that Socialism will not fight the Church, but will insist upon the separation of Church and state, can only mean, in a country like Austria, that national subsidies to religious educational institutions must end. On this point the coming elections will see a critical battle.

EXCLUSION is always hard to defend, and when it is used as a gesture of dislike, either to principles or individuals who profess them, there is always something unworthy and offensive in it to generous minds. Of these last, Senator Borah is undoubtedly one, and when the Idaho legislator protests against the refusal to visé the passport for the United States of Madame Kollontai, minister from the Soviet to the Mexican republic, and terms it "unjustifiable and intolerant," he is sure of a fairly large body of opinion behind him. When the Senator, however, adds the phrase, "from any point of view," it is not so easy to follow him in his strictures upon the State Department. A point of view does exist from which the exclusion of officials from Russia, unless and until a change overtakes its foreign policy, is entirely logical.

THIS point of view does not depend for support on any evidence of communistic activities in this country. It is to be traced to the declaration, repeated whenever the authorities at Moscow have occasion to define their foreign policy, that in some way or another the present government in the old empire of the czars is a body transcending national limitations—that it represents and is spokesman for an entire and world-wide category—the worker oppressed by capitalism. The statement cannot easily be dismissed as a rhetorical exaggeration, in view of the fact that, whenever this attitude is resented outside of Russia, the resentment is laid, not to a consciousness of any one country that its problems are its own, but to a capitalist reaction equally international. For any country to thus try to internationalize foreign politics always creates a perilous situation, especially when evidence exists that behind the façade imperial and territorial ambitions are only biding their time. Under the circumstances, and with means of access to Mexico open other than via Texas, the request of the Soviet republic that its emissary be allowed passage through the United States has a good deal of the air of an attempt to provoke an incident. It is not easy to see what other reply could have been given to it than that this country, which already has on its hands a queen coming from very near Russia, would be just as glad if the all-sea route were taken.

"BAFFLED ambitions," says a French proverb, "make bad neighbors." Under her Duce, Italy's ambitions to be a great empire can hardly yet be termed baffled ones, but they are reaching out and impinging in many directions, and over more than one frontier, to the unsettlement of that atmosphere of good will which was never so desirable as now. A situation which seemed to justify one New York city editor not long ago in heading up his front page with a "streamer," France and Italy on Verge of War, may not be as dangerous as it is made to seem, but it is decidedly unpleasant. The resources of diplomacy in a case like this can always be relied upon to end an "unfortunate" incident. Those handy expedients, a disavowal by the higher-ups and an admission of ex-

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cess of zeal on the part of subordinates, have once more proved their effectiveness, and, so far as immediate danger of a diplomatic break is concerned, the peril seems to have evaporated. Two impressions remain behind—one comforting, and the other less so. The first is that Europe is not yet prepared to consider war as even a remote possibility. The second is that a dictatorship makes the worst imaginable school for international good manners. The domestic tyrant is notoriously a failure in a society where his pretensions have no current value, and apologies will generally be found strewing his path.

NOW that the major excitements of the election have gone, the President's discovery of a Republican victory compares very well with the Anti-Saloon League's declaration of triumph. It is true that the House preserves an orthodox complexion, but 237 representatives would not seem to mean a landslide, particularly when one remembers what happened in the neighboring senatorial realm. The apparently irresistible Republican energies of 1924 may, of course, only be experiencing the ebb of a tide which will rise majestically again two years hence. But the great psychological error of using "prosperity" as a slogan seems to have been recognized pretty generally. In the first place, prosperity doesn't flow through everybody's channels, and too much insistence upon it as a national characteristic is sure to make many people ask when and how they were deprived of citizenship in this blessedness. Then again, prosperity is now upon a somewhat precarious footing. During the past six years, the building trades have led the march of industrial development and have absorbed the surplus forces of labor, business, and manufacturing. The demand which they filled helped to create realty values which profitably absorbed easily available money and distributed returns. In short, the industrial realty field has been in the same position as farms were during the period of intense rural land speculation. Will it maintain the stride? Against the declarations of labor and realty financing that it "must," one can arraign the opinion of an increasing number of competent observers that it cannot. If "prosperity" is to keep on being a Republican slogan, will it therefore be as attractive in 1928 as it was in 1924? The query is interesting and, even if nothing besides political fortune were involved, highly important.

MR. WAYNE WHEELER'S remarks on the situation are almost as forceful as the words employed by Macbeth before the wood began to move. If the referenda conducted by a number of states to test the average citizen's affection for Volsteadism "show increased dry gains," as Mr. Wheeler declares, the evidence must be of an esoteric character not visible to the eye. When Congress passed the legislation so dear to the Anti-Saloon League's heart over the veto of President Wilson, the reason was simply that a great majority of popular representatives—many of whom, so history relates, had wine-cellars of the finest kind—were scared out of their wits by the fear of a dry vote that would reckon with them later back home. Both parties were at the mercy of an organization which quietly decided all political issues by the test of its own private doctrine. Prohibition then enjoyed the magnificent status of an unknown quantity. Today, even if one leaves popular referenda strictly aside, a number of candidates have proved beyond any shadow of doubt that it is possible, and sometimes also highly profitable, to come out frankly as a "wet." The letter of the law is still on the side of the Eighteenth Amendment. But the day is coming speedily when even Mr. Wheeler will discover that letters can be rewritten in the light of experience.

AMERICAN Education Week is in progress at the time these observations are being written. From a great variety of published programs one can safely estimate, however, the steadily increasing enthusiasm with which these days, set apart for the benefit of one of the most vital civic interests, are being observed over the entire country. Perhaps the outstanding Catholic event—though there are many excellent plans in course of realization—is the convention of the National Catholic Alumni Federation, which opened on November 12, at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia. When one considers that this is only the second year of the federation's existence, the energy and purposiveness manifested is really surprising. The speakers for this convention include Mr. Thomas Woodlock, Senator Thomas J. Walsh, Mr. John B. Kennedy, and Dr. Ralph Adams Cram. A note of concern with the cultural aspects of higher education dominates the program, although much is also being said about the practical business of organization and alumni solidarity. Nor should one fail to note that the officers of the federation have enjoyed the friendly assistance of Cardinal Dougherty, who has also presided over some of the convention sessions. This is a matter of primary importance because, as experience has shown, laymen can be unified satisfactorily only if members of the hierarchy take the lead. That many will follow seems assured when we consider the ever-increasing importance of education in American life.

WHILE on this topic of education, we might as well note the growing attention now being given to the Parent-Teacher movement. Theoretically, this is a very noble and helpful system for coöperation between those most vitally interested in the welfare of children. It should go far to modify the harmful impersonality that characterizes so much instruction given by teachers who feel that the drudgery of their daily routine is appreciated only as a matter of dollars and cents by the general public. It should also do

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much to awaken parents from the lethargy into which so many of them fall once they take it for granted that responsibility for their children has been made the burden of someone else. But in practice, teachers are often made to realize the woeful unfamiliarity with actual classroom conditions displayed by many mothers. Requests to supply an hourly temperature chart for little Johnny, for a graph of Susan's behavior under various teachers, for a copy of the wise things said by the twins during recreation periods—these and more like them are quite factual. Small wonder that when somebody proposed to a New York assemblage of teachers that an attempt be made to corral fathers as well as mothers, there was a tired but fairly general murmur of dissent. But gradually, we suppose, the Parent-Teacher movement will succeed in enlightening parents.

"LIFE, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" were propounded by the founders of the American commonwealth as three essentials which lay at the root of government, and failing to secure which any government, no matter how plausibly democratic its form, would be an illusory benefit. The pursuit of money was not mentioned, and we can well imagine the frugal fathers of the republic opening their eyes very wide at the mere prospect that it might, in time, not only preëmpt all the others, but call for a social ideal hard to fit into the original Constitution. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the noted suffrage leader, is the latest to call attention to the change that has come over American life as a result of the unrestrained growth of wealth, and the general tendency of America's "plain people" to lose interest in a machine which they can no longer pretend to control. "People," Mrs. Catt told us not long ago, in a lecture at Columbia University, "are dissatisfied with government and politics in national, state, and local affairs, complex modern life having changed the original conception of democracy. . . . The American eats what he can get, sleeps where he can, and wears what he can pay for."

THE tendency which the suffrage leader and spokeswoman for so many a hard-tried cause in the past notes and deplores, has not escaped political thinkers and writers during the past few decades. Mr. G. K. Chesterton is only the foremost to call attention to what he considers a new faculty for abdication among the classes who have the most right to feel dissatisfied with their lot, and from whom, in the past, movements for reform could be relied upon. It would be interesting to trace the matter from a historical standpoint and ascertain whether there are, as many of our more recent commentators believe, epochs of assertiveness, followed by epochs of submission, and that we are, if not actually in the trough of this last, sinking toward it. A contributing cause may, of course, be seen in the specialization and delegation of contemporary government unforeseen in the days in which its form was designed, which lifts it beyond the average man's capacity to understand—hence, to dare to touch. But at least another theory, and one gaining in its adherents every year, sets the prime cause still further back, and would have us know that what we are reaping is only the result of three centuries spent by the major nations under the Protestant ideal of life. A very interesting article in the current Christian Century, by Georgia Harkness, a professor of philosophy at Elmira College, termed Is Protestantism Destroying Itself?, puts the matter pretty plainly when it tells us that the ills under which we suffer are "very closely linked with the Protestant (particularly the Puritan) emphasis on labor, whose adherents have been enjoined to be 'diligent in business.'" From considering "diligence" in business with its inevitable rewards of money and power, an essential good, to working back and hesitating to condemn political manoeuvres whose result has been equivalent, is quite a natural transition. If, as Mrs. Catt assures us, "the people's opposition is never sufficient to meet those with money," the fault must lie at the doors of those among the people who have subscribed to unworthy standards never made for their benefit.

AN astonishing growth of interest in the work and personality of Anton Bruckner, Vienna's greatest musician and perhaps the last composer to conceive of his art in the lofty, almost ecclesiastical, sense in which Bach had thought of it, must surely be termed one of the phenomena of our time. Lately an adequate German biography of the man has been published, and several excellent studies of his symphonic compositions have been written by competent critics. And if Bruckner is the peer of Richard Wagner (as a good many qualified persons are now saying) it is one of the glories of American church music that a magnificent Mass composed by him was first played in public by a Chicago organist—Wilhelm Middleschulte, who once helped to make the fame of the old Thomas orchestra. Unfortunately, such titles to glory are still far from numerous. The conscience —and the ear—of a music lover who tries to worship his Creator while a contrivance of bells, suggested no doubt by Edgar Poe, rambles through the softer portions of a sentimental Credo or Sanctus, are assaulted by many things which the Motu Proprio of Pius X once strove to banish. One appreciates, therefore, the care with which Mr. James P. Dunn, writing in the periodical, Singing, has gone into the whole matter. He is particularly severe in dealing with volunteer choirs who (he says) "finding the music of Haydn and Mozart beyond their powers, take refuge in the compositions of Roswig, Emerson, and other nonentities, the trashiness and musical illiteracy of whose compositions beggar description." But he ends with a salutary reminder that "the devotion of the

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Catholic congregation is happily such that services will be well attended irrespective of the character of the music"—an observation no doubt true in so far as Mass is concerned, but not altogether above suspicion with reference to the High Mass. At all events, one feels certain that progress is being made, however slowly. More competent church musicians are in course of training every year, and the final effect will surely be notable.

FOOTBALL almost deprives old autumn of its melancholy title. The high spirits so cheerfully expended on the gridiron seem to inoculate everybody with germs of hilarity and enthusiasm which triumphantly combat, for the moment at least, the morose infections of business and society. But, if we may continue the trend of thought initiated by Doctor James J. Walsh in these columns last week, it does seem as if a great deal of the humor of football is being missed. To read the dramatic account of how the hard-pressed back of a Superior high-school team took refuge in prayer at a moment when it was up to his trembling toe to make it defeat or a tied game, is to catch new glimpses of the use to which petitions may be put. There, we are told, was the crowd almost oppressively silent; and there, during three moments of humble solicitation, was the hero of the game. The final outcome, of course, was precisely what had been demanded. A player under such stress might, however, justify his course with some measure of philosophy. Nothing of the sort could be made to substantiate the tremendous effect achieved by the satirical journalism of the Harvard Lampoon. Having been taunted with a red flag in the form of an editorial, the spirit that governs Princeton football threatens to put through a "cessation of athletic relations." One could stomach the allegation that all Princetonian prexies were old idiots, that the Princetonian faculty is infinitely worse than even its victims have declared it to be, or that the Princetonian system of study is wooden and worthless. But the accusation that Princeton men use "rough tactics" on the football field? That they treat the sons of Harvard with less courtesy than their reputation as gentlemen calls for? Not on your life. Well may the faculties preserve the silence of death in the midst of the wrathful hurricane. There is nothing so cosmic, so devastating, so attendant with evil consequences as a diatribe against a team. Nor, it must be admitted, is there anything so funny.

LIKE all autumns, the one just past has elicited a great deal of enthusiasm for multicolored foliage and sunsets that seemed magical through the cool, scented harvest air. Of late years, motoring has become a popular habit while pedestrianism has grown into an attitude of distinction coveted by a sizable number of leisurely men and women. We cannot avoid thinking an old thought—that the pedestrians have rather the best of the matter. In a recent number of his still virile weekly, Mr. G. K. Chesterton gets at the matter with a reference to turnpikes. "Turnpike gates at reasonable intervals," he says, "would involve a good deal of delay; and a good thing, too. There is far too little delay in modern travel. There are any number of motorists who go from end to end of England and never see an English village except when their car breaks down; and even in that radiant moment, given them by the mercy of the gods or the fairies, they do not look at the village but only at the car. They see the world in stripes; a green stripe for a great forest and a grey stripe for a great town: it would be an excellent thing if somebody did fire after such fools with a blunderbuss, even if it had to be replaced by long-distance artillery." That is genuine indignation for you and rings solid. It reminds us of an Irish poet, none too familiar with the silks and purples of Tyre, who, upon a visit to the United States, could not restrain his wrath at what he considered a singularly conclusive proof of the capitalistic state in all its pomp and villainy—the fact that no carefully cemented and asphalted footpath ran along beside the great modern thoroughfares down which traffic buzzed and endangered the lives of poetic pedestrians. And after all, he may have been a man of considerable insight. At least he actually knew the colors of autumn woods and the sprites these colors clothe.

WE who latterly gazed upon many of the world's most charming women rushing into print and photography so that a certain complexion-cream might be raised above suspicion, may well remember the days when it was considered frightfully dangerous even to possess a powder-puff or a cream-jar. Are cosmetics legitimate after all? It is the purpose of Mlle. Delarue-Mandrus, a rather charming if not wholly edifying, French writer, to seat them firmly in good society by means of a volume entitled—we translate, of course—Make Yourselves Charming. Our author pays due tribute to the inventiveness of modern science, while conceding that the belles of yore who reappear "dolled up," in the very literal sense of the term, with new noses and throats among sundry other innovations, are not conducive to agreeable meditation. But as for the pencil, the orange-stick, the delicately tinted rouge, ah, that is another matter! Mlle. Delarue-Mandrus deals with all these lovingly and confidently. If they are not the secret of beauty —and to be perfectly honest, rouge is seldom, if ever, a secret any longer—they are, at least, a comfortable substitute. She knows all their ins and outs very well. She is veritably the philosopher of the feminine façade. But somehow one cannot help thinking a bit wistfully of Homer's Nausikaa, surprised by Odysseus before she could have referred to a vanity-case, and of the trim Irish girls who used to come wandering in through the door of New York, freckles and all, as

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faithful to nature as on the day they were made. These were, after all, the maidens of dawn—for which the modern substitute is, a little too obviously and cosmetically, three o'clock in the morning.

THINK of it! Tom Sawyer's turning fifty years of age this month reminds us all that a good friend—or, if you prefer, a delightful and faithful friend—has been around for quite some time. Mr. Cyril Clemens, president of the Mark Twain Society, suggests that the best way in which to celebrate the occasion is to introduce Mr. Sawyer to the whole family, out loud. We concur. Grandfather would lose himself in pleasant, incredible memories of what the world used to be like in the days when—well, when lads like Tom had charge of things round about the Mississippi. Mother would detect certain basic resemblances between the present generation and its predecessors, although she might turn commendingly to Aunt Mary (who teaches the young) and remark that diction has undoubtedly been growing steadily more refined. As for the youngsters, no better treat could be designed for them. Even if their manners are not improved thereby, there will be ample compensation in an added gaiety and gratitude. Mark Twain, it must be admitted, failed later to get a lot of accumulated bitterness out of his system. While in the company of Mr. Sawyer, however, he was great as well as he was good.

THE number of those who have served the cause of Catholic journalism is not so large but what the passing of a picturesque and staunchly honorable figure like Charles J. Jaegle deserves a mention that is at the same time a tribute. Mr. Jaegle was one of a band of educated Germans who came to this country in the years immediately following the Civil War and entered into what was then an important and reasonably profitable venture—newspaper publication in the German language. These men were solidly educated, they were deeply religious, and they possessed a sound business sense. Their comment upon affairs was often strikingly lucid and pertinent. But with the passing of time, readers of German became fewer and fewer, so that the influence an editor writing for them could hope to exert slowly shriveled into almost nothing. Mr. Jaegle bravely accepted the inevitable, and founded The Observer, which, in its work as the official organ of the Pittsburgh diocese, surmounted numerous difficulties and accomplished much good. Friends of good journalism in America will remember Mr. Jaegle as a fine representative of a type now becoming almost extinct.

THE Canadian divorce figures for the year 1925 contain some very interesting facts, in considering which it should be remembered that in Quebec and Ontario divorces can only be obtained by act of Parliament, different regulations ruling in the other provinces. It appears that 551 final decrees were given as against 543 in 1924. British Columbia, usually considered a typically English province, heads the list with 150 court, not parliamentary, decrees. Ontario comes second, with 121 parliamentary ones; and of the others, Alberta has 101; Manitoba, 79; Saskatchewan, 42; Nova Scotia, 30; and New Brunswick, 15. There remain two provinces, both of them highly Catholic—Quebec and Prince Edward's Island. The former had 13 divorces (parliamentary). It will be remembered that there is quite a considerable non-Catholic population in that province. On the other hand, in Prince Edward's Island there is a very large Catholic population, though not a majority, which boasts that it produces a larger percentage of religious vocations than any other part of the dominion. Prince Edward's Island had no divorce during the year 1925, and it is in the proud position of having had but one divorce to its discredit since it entered confederation in 1868.

## A HELPING HAND TO MEXICO

THE situation in Mexico has had at least one good effect: many eyes are opened to the necessity for charity and practical assistance that exists almost everywhere among Mexicans, and many hands are ready to do whatever they can. Obviously, this desire needs to reckon with actual existing conditions. It is manifestly impossible to enter Mexico itself with a cargo of no matter how excellent intentions. We are therefore submitting for consideration the information which follows. It has been carefully prepared by Professor C. E. Castaneda, a Mexican who knows his country and its difficulties from years of close personal experience.

Anyone who has traveled through Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, or even California cannot but have been impressed with the numerous Mexicans that live throughout our Spanish Southwest. Most of them are in abject poverty, their dwellings are often mere huts, their labor as farm-hands yields them but little. They have been neglected by the state, they have been practically forgotten by society, and in their misery they often lack adequate religious ministration. There are immense tracts of land along the Rio Grande where one single priest has often to minister to scattered communities over a territory that extends for fifty miles. Many of these Mexicans know but little English, they enjoy no social advantages because of their scattered settlements, and their extreme poverty makes it imperative for the children to work while very young. The state schools are few and crowded.

Here, then, is a fertile field. The Mexicans within our borders are Catholics, but through the inability of the Church to care for them they have been forced to neglect their religious duties. It is not strange to find them living as man and wife without having been

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legally married by the Church because there is no priest anywhere in their vicinity. Children often go unbaptized for several years, until the family can go to the pueblo where the padre lives, which may be forty or fifty miles away. The fault lies not with the Church which has done everything it can with limited means to extend its work to these unfortunates. The responsibility does rest, however, to a certain extent, upon every good Catholic in this country. Here are their brethren in faith, right among them, practically forgotten.

We are so moved by the condition of those across the border that we are willing to spend a million dollars to try to help them. Why not spend another million, or several millions more, to improve the condition of those living on this side of the Rio Grande? Would it not be a patriotic undertaking to improve the condition of the Mexicans living within our borders and to prepare them for citizenship? A million dollars spent in ministering to the religious needs of this people would be a praiseworthy undertaking.

Let us cite a few statistics to impress upon the reader the importance of the situation. In Arizona there are 30,325 foreign-born Mexicans; in California there are 86,610; while in Texas there are, according to the 1920 census, 249,652. If we add to these those living in Colorado, Nebraska, Nevada, and Louisiana, we have the grand total of 478,383 foreign-born Mexicans in these seven states.

These figures do not represent the real number of persons of Mexican origin living in the United States, for all those who were in the territory acquired after the Mexican War, automatically became American citizens at the time, and they and their children are not included among the foreign-born.

Every year, thousands of Mexicans come to work on the farms along the Rio Grande, but many are carried inland, some going as far as Michigan to work on the sugar-beet farms. The actual number cannot, therefore, be estimated. Mexican labor fills a direct need in American agriculture. Early this summer, papers in Texas were filled with reports of the need of making some modification in the immigration law with regard to Mexican laborers in order that the crops of the state could be harvested. The Mexicans come, and seldom return to Mexico. They remain here with a sincere desire to become Americans. They are industrious, hard-working, thrifty; but without a clear understanding of American life and traditions, ignorant of the principles of American government, without adequate religious surroundings, they soon become the victims of scheming politicians.

The need of churches in the Southwest among our Mexican population, the lack of priests to carry on the work, and the importance of the establishment of schools for these potential Americans have long been a standing cry. A few persons have been aware of conditions and have tried to improve them. The Catholic Church Extension Society has been for some time trying to increase the number of churches and reclaim many of those Mexicans that have drifted from the Faith. The need for catechists to work in this field is even more pressing than that of churches. Our Sunday Visitor has realized this need and has established a house for the training of young women who can go out to our Spanish Southwest to minister to the Mexican Catholics there. The National Catholic Welfare Conference, coöperating with the hard-working bishops of the dioceses interested, has sent workers into the field. These organizations feel keenly the need of taking care of this people and they are trying to do all they can to improve conditions as rapidly as possible. Every resource should be placed at their disposal.

A few more figures may impress the reader. Take, for instance, four typical dioceses in Texas and New Mexico: Santa Fè has 356 churches, 98 clergy, and 158,883 Catholics; Corpus Christi, 116 churches, 59 clergy, and 98,155 Catholics; El Paso, 130 churches, 76 clergy, and 103,165 Catholics; and San Antonio, 191 churches, 180 clergy, and 184,470 Catholics.

By glancing at the above figures, we see that Santa Fè has more than three and a half times as many churches as clergy to look after them, that in Corpus Christi there are more than twice as many, that in El Paso almost the same conditions prevail, and that in San Antonio there are eleven churches more than clergy.

Furthermore, it should be kept in mind that in the case of Corpus Christi and El Paso the Catholic population is much more scattered than in San Antonio, thus duplicating the hardships of the clergy in ministering to the respective parishes. A third consideration to bear in mind is that the figures for the number of Catholics in the above dioceses do not represent the actual number therein, because in many of them, the Catholics are scattered over thinly populated areas where there are no parishes nor any other religious supervision. With these facts before us, the importance of carrying relief to this territory is obvious.

A suspicion has rankled in the mind of the writer that we are to blame in part, perhaps, for the present situation in Mexico. Our long neglect of the Mexican Catholics within this country may well account for the return of some of them to their country as leaders in the present struggle. They came here filled with a high conception of the altruism, the sincerity, and the good faith of Americans. Instead of finding a helping hand in their troubles, they found everywhere coldness, disregard, open insults, neglect. Their faith in humanity was shattered, perhaps, and they returned to their country disillusioned. Doubtless in their despair they fell an easy prey to the influence of anarchistic elements which imbued them with many of the ideas which actuate the Mexican revolutionists in their war upon the Church and her faithful followers.

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# COÖPERATIVE PROGRESS

By HORACE PLUNKETT

*(Sir Horace Plunkett has been one of the leaders in agricultural coöperation since 1889, particularly in Ireland, and is also the author of The Rural Life Problem of the United States. His article in this issue of The Commonweal will shortly be followed by one by Padraic Colum on the hydro-electric project on the River Shannon in Ireland.—The Editors.)*

I WONDER how many persons sympathetically interested in the coöperative movement in Europe, realize fully its immense ramifications and growth. Though I know something of perhaps not the least important half of the movement, though thirty-five years ago I first joined in making a survey of all that has been done in agricultural coöperation, and then devised a method and a formula which, in its turn, has been found applicable wherever agricultural conditions were similar to those of my own country, not least in the United States itself, I could not have compiled the following record, had I not had at my disposal a unique department for obtaining information.

The Irish movement learned from other national experiments in agricultural coöperation, and has, in its turn, taught others. This fact, the constant necessity for the exchange of experience, led us to found the Coöperative Reference Library. In the early days, we sent inquiries to various countries where kindred methods were being tried. Later we found that we required a centre where all the literature of this new and ever-changing subject might be constantly available to every student. With its assistance I have made the following outline. The Coöperative Reference Library can keep up to date with what has been done, but we find we need as well—so rapid and constant is the progress in coöperation—an organization to be in touch with and exchange advice between the numberless experiments which coöperation is making, the world over.

The Horace Plunkett Foundation, whose trustees have given it my name, opened in 1924, at the request of a conference of the English-speaking agricultural coöperative movements, a clearing-house for all of them. With these two institutions, the library and the clearing-house, now housed together in the offices of the foundation in London, the movement cannot only be revived, but, we hope, also become conscious of its own direction. Readers, therefore, who are interested in the following review will realize that it gives only an account of what has been, and that to understand the direction and the future of so rapid a development, it is necessary to keep in touch with such a centre as I have described.

The movement today features more than fifty countries, and there are more than fifty thousand organizations, comprising upwards of forty million members. Coöperation has been a very active factor since the revolution in world economic conditions. During the war, in practically all the belligerent and many of the neutral countries of Europe, public authorities turned to the coöperative societies as being the best and even the only means of distribution, and of keeping down prices. Since then the societies have continued their useful influence in this respect.

The influence of the coöperative societies has been most noticeable in the countries most seriously affected by the economic crisis. For instance, during 1925 the work of the coöperative societies as price-controlling agencies was frankly recognized in Belgium, France, Great Britain, Austria, and Hungary; in Austria, the number of members of coöperative societies has been trebled since the days of the Austrian empire, as is also the case in Hungary and probably other European countries.

Coöperative organizations have been most efficient factors in economic and national reconstruction in Finland, in the Baltic states, Czecho-Slovakia, and in Poland; nor can one overlook the work of the cooperative movement in Russia which succeeded, notwithstanding difficulties and mistakes, in linking up with the peasant population and becoming one of the most important of the factors which prevented the complete collapse of the Russian economic system. But perhaps Germany is the best example of the wonderful work effected and the services rendered by the consumers' coöperative movement. In all kinds of ways and on all occasions, by education and organization only, owing nothing to public authorities, rather lending them assistance, the German coöperative movement operated in the interests of the welfare of the general public. It was undoubtedly hard hit by the crisis and suffered greatly during the period of inflation and unprecedented rise in prices; but it has rapidly recovered and today there are twice as many members as in pre-war times—and notwithstanding lack of capital and credit and the weakened purchasing power of the members, the turnover of the movement is now up to that of 1914. Its working capital is rapidly being reconstituted, which is due to the confidence of the members whose former savings were revalued when the monetary system was stabilized, at a much more favorable rate than that given by the ordinary banks.

The same useful activities may also be claimed as regards the agricultural coöperative societies, which are still more numerous than the consumers' societies in a great many countries. They have played a very important part in the work of economic reconstruc-

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tion throughout the world. Widely differing in form, they are able to adapt themselves to all kinds of rural necessities. But the chief feature in recent agricultural coöperation is the rise of coöperative credit societies in countries agriculturally undeveloped, and the amazingly rapid increase of coöperative sale societies for agricultural production. In the Far East, in China, and the Philippine Islands, these newly-founded credit societies will repeat what has taken place during the last fifty years in Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and Germany, and still more recently in most European countries, and they will become the foundation of rural economy and development.

It is now generally recognized that these agricultural coöperative trading societies (marketing societies) are most effective in increasing and improving the quality of agricultural produce. This is amply proved by the place already occupied by these co-operative associations in the world market for certain kinds of agricultural produce for common use, e.g., dairy products, wheat, and even meat.

With regard to dairy produce, Denmark is the bright particular example. There agriculture is almost entirely regulated by coöperative organization, and there its economic prosperity depends wholly upon the export of agricultural produce. In the year 1923, coöperative organizations were responsible for 90 percent of Danish agricultural undertakings, and 81 percent of pigs slaughtered in the country were slaughtered in coöperative establishments. In that year, too, Denmark exported 38 percent of the net export butter trade of the world, and 25 percent of the world net export of pigs came from the same country.

In Czecho-Slovakia and Bulgaria, the progress has been equally extensive and though I have not the space to describe their developments in detail, I can assure my readers that the growth will well repay study. National characteristics are not repressed, but given their rightful opportunity to benefit civilization, in illustration of which I may note in passing that Bulgaria, a Slav country, has a natural leaning toward coöperative association and shows it in its organizations.

In Sweden and Norway, reports show that both sides of the coöperative movement are in a satisfactory condition. Coöperative production, agricultural and industrial, has reached a very high level, and according to statistics, the coöperative societies with their respective federations are steadily increasing in membership and turnover.

In Norway, it is interesting to note that the co-operative societies have an agreement with the trade-unions to prevent strikes in their works. A permanent joint committee has been set up and has been operating for ten years, whereby many strikes have been avoided, as no strike can take place until the matter has been laid before the members of this joint committee and has been dealt with by them.

Belgium, Holland, Italy, and Finland have long since embraced the coöperative creed. Each has had its individual problems and difficulties to overcome and each one can point to some signal success in one or another direction. Finland has the coöperative vision very highly developed, thanks to the wonderful work of Dr. Hannes Gebhard and the Pellervo Society of which he is the founder and which celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary in 1924. Finland has only been a sovereign republic since 1917; for some decades before that the Finnish people had suffered great oppression at the hands of the Russian autocracy, and both intellectually and materially they were a very impoverished nation. It was with the object of raising the condition of the people that the pioneers of the movement adopted the weapon of coöperation, on the initiative of Gebhard. And now, when the northerly situation of the country is considered, and its scanty population, it must be admitted that the results achieved have been remarkable and altogether worthy of admiration. An elaborate system of coöperative organization has been built up, with central bodies of varied kinds, credit, consumers' wholesales, agricultural wholesales, butter export, livestock, egg export, forestry, etc. We can confidently assert that the present prosperity of Finland, from the agricultural, economic and commercial point of view, is due to the work and effect of the coöperative movement. In fact, we are bound to admit that as an economic force coöperation has survived the war with greater success than most other forms of enterprise.

In Switzerland, coöperative societies in all branches are flourishing, every side of the movement—consumers', agricultural, and credit—having its powerful unions and federations; while in France, although the most conspicuous success has been in the consumers' side of the movement, a large proportion of the necessary agricultural reconstruction of devastated areas was undertaken and successfully carried through by agricultural coöperative associations.

In Roumania, coöperation is state controlled and fostered more than in any other European country. The movement began, as in most countries, with the foundation of people's banks; they do all kinds of co-operative business, but their chief activities lay at first in selling the grain crops of the members. A "central" for the people's banks was established in 1903 as a government department and was given control of all the societies existing in the country. The movement spread very rapidly and many other types of society were established, e.g., for the purchase of seeds, manures, selling goods in common, dairy societies, fishing societies, and societies for the exploitation of forests, which last are organized upon a plan peculiar to Roumania. There are also coöperative farming societies, where a large piece of land is hired and divided into plots; each member farms his plot, and the crop is taken to a central place for threshing, etc.

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After the war, the state policy toward coöperative societies was somewhat altered and the central was divided into sections, giving at the same time a measure of control to the societies themselves. There is also a central for urban coöperative societies, both distributive and productive, which has been created in post-war times; before the war there was practically no urban coöperation in Roumania, now there are many consumers' societies, all founded since 1918.

In Roumania, the coöperative movement does not seem to have been hindered, but rather to have been stimulated by state control. The government itself organized productive and farming societies and others, which in some countries are looked upon as having socialistic tendencies. It is, of course, probable that Roumanian coöperation has not the voluntary and spontaneous spirit which is characteristic of true cooperation. Nevertheless, it must be allowed that the centrals have done good propaganda work and that in a country with such a backward peasantry, some outside aid and control was necessary to foster the movement. However greatly the leaders desire more freedom of action for their movement, they recognize that the time is not yet ripe for removing the state props from the structure.

It must be remembered that in recent years Ireland has been through three wars: the world war, the Anglo-Irish strife, and the unhappy civil war which devastated the country. In the last report of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, however, we see that figures were furnished from 270 creameries, 150 agricultural societies, 3 poultry societies, 14 flax societies, 10 miscellaneous societies, 2 federations, and 39 agricultural banks, i.e., 488 societies in all, and the aggregate business of these 488 societies was £6,559,657, or roughly, $30,500,000. There are also many societies functioning which have not sent in returns, and the aggregate business of 608 working societies (which number includes 120 whose turnover is estimated) has been calculated at £7,725,072, or roughly, $35,500,000. The I. A. O. S. and the Department of Agriculture are just now in the process of reorganization, and it is an encouraging fact that the Free State government has admitted that in the interests of the state, the organization of farmers is imperative and that it must be upon the coöperative principle and the coöperative plan. The Minister of Agriculture has agricultural coöperation very much at heart, and when the present system of reorganization is complete for the working together of the department and the I. A. O. S., I am confident that the agricultural coöperative movement will acquire a fresh impetus and renewed vigor.

In the six counties of Northern Ireland, the Ulster Agricultural Organization Society is doing excellent work, in spite of the fact that the Northern government has withdrawn its direct assistance from the organization. As most of the coöperative societies in the northern area were founded by the I. A. O. S., the parent body takes a very keen interest in the work of the new association, and the relations between the two are of the most friendly nature.

While I have said that coöperation in Ireland has fallen somewhat behind its former strength, it must not be inferred that the movement is moribund. In many parts of the Irish Free State, the societies are in a vigorous condition; new coöperative credit societies are being formed in various districts, under the auspices of the state, for the immediate assistance of small farmers who have been rather badly hit by sheep disease and other agricultural disasters, and on the whole, the outlook of agricultural coöperation is distinctly promising. The pioneer work of the I. A. O. S. has not been fruitless. Future historians of the movement will record that the Irish Agricultural Organization Society led the way, as far as these islands are concerned, in the coöperative organization of agriculture, and that the educational value of work done by that society for Ireland and for other countries cannot be too highly appreciated by all coöperators.

The Irish formula, Better Farming, Better Business, Better Living, still holds good among Irish cooperators. We do not believe it to be "vain repetition" to stress once more that without better farming and better business there can be no better living. The improvement of agriculture depends upon better business, and better business is coöperation.

## *Decidua*

Withered gold that the seasons squander:
Outcasts wan that the sun lets die!
Evening strips you and herds together,
Morn shall scatter, and who says whither
Storms may harry you, winds bid wander
Down the furrow and past the sky?

Showers shatter that once were kind to you,
Harsh skies threaten that spoke you fair:
Boughs a-tremble and fain to keep you
Droop their heads for the gust to reap you,
And the shadowless earth is blind to you
In the vigil of your despair.

Ruined pomp of the summer's passion,
Tender hopes of a spring found vain:
When your branches writhe to remember
How it was not always November,
Is the pang that their memories fashion
Drenched with pity or torn by pain?

Leaves, you fall from a tree grown sapless:
Songs, you cease in a heart drained dry.
Leaves and songs with the wind behind you,
Who shall follow you? Who shall find you?
Short-lived sojourners, pilgrims hapless,
Outcasts wan that the sun lets die.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

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# THE DOCTRINE OF FASCISM

By JOHN A. RYAN

*(This is the first of two articles on aspects of Fascism, by Dr. John A. Ryan of the Catholic University of America, the second of which will follow in an early issue.—The Editors.)*

PROBABLY the majority of Americans who think about the subject at all, regard Italian Fascism as merely political action, not political theory. They look upon it as an organization and a movement through which certain powerful and rather unscrupulous persons have got control of the government of Italy by violence, and have ruled the country with a certain degree of efficiency, but with considerable disregard of constitutional forms and of human rights and liberties. According to this view, the movement and its work are entirely pragmatic, entirely motived by expediency, without any underlying theory or doctrine or philosophy or principles.

The appearance of The Political Doctrine of Fascism* in an English translation should tend to remove this misapprehension. This document is an address delivered at Perugia, August 30, 1925, by Alfredo Rocco, Minister of Justice in the Italian government and dean of the faculty of law of the University of Padua. As soon as he had read the address, Premier Mussolini wrote to Signor Rocco, congratulating him and declaring that he had "presented in a masterful way the doctrine of Fascism." Hence the discourse may confidently be regarded as authentic and authoritative.

It is able, dignified, dispassionate and fundamental. At the outset, Signor Rocco announces his intention of exploring Fascism's "inner essence." Fascism is not merely "action and sentiment," although these are and must remain its supreme characters; "it is thought, it is doctrine." The thought and the doctrine, he maintains, are indigenous to Italy, in harmony with Italian traditions, and united by "the mighty common current of Italian history" with the Franciscan movement. The address, we must remember, was delivered in Perugia. Because of its "coherent and organic doctrine," Fascism acquires "a universal validity." Its originality "is due in great part to the autonomy of its theoretical principles."

What are these principles? Before answering this question, Signor Rocco examines and evaluates modern political doctrines from liberalism to socialism and Bolshevism. In his view, the common basis of them all is a mechanical or atomistic concept of society which regards the end of the state as merely the "welfare and happiness of individuals." And the individuals for whom the state exists and functions are only those "of the present generation." The method by which political liberalism expects the state to promote this end is the preservation of equal liberty and freedom of contract for all, and a general policy of non-intervention, or laissez-faire in economic affairs. While the methods of socialism and Bolshevism differ from that of liberalism and from each other, their end is the same. All three doctrines regard the state as having no other end than the furtherance of individual welfare.

Let us turn for a moment from Signor Rocco's exposition to observe that the welfare of individuals is likewise the end of the state according to Catholic doctrine. That doctrine does not, indeed, look upon society as merely the sum of its component members, nor hold that the state is concerned only with the present generation, nor conceive the functions and methods of the state in the same way as liberalism or socialism or Bolshevism. According to Catholic teaching, civil society is some sort of organism, having some kind of life of its own and purposes which are not restricted to the interests of its present members. Its life outlasts that of any given generation. Nevertheless, all its lawful ends are centered and realized in concrete human beings. Apart from its constituent members, either of the present or of the future, civil society has no meaning; it is a mere abstraction, without reality or authority or functions. Moreover, the present generation has greater claims upon the state than the generations yet unborn.

Summarily expressed, the end of the state, according to Catholic doctrine, is the welfare of its members: as a whole, as forming families, as grouped in social classes, and even as individuals. In the words of Pope Leo XIII, "civil society should not only safeguard the well-being of the community, but have also at heart the interests of the individual members." Under "welfare" is comprised goods and interests of the religious, moral, intellectual, physical, and economic orders. In pursuing these ends, the state may use any morally good means that are effective and necessary. All the foregoing propositions are substantiated in the two encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII entitled, The Christian Constitution of States, and The Condition of Labor.

To this doctrine the principles of Fascism are as fundamentally opposed as they are to liberalism and socialism. Signor Rocco does not discuss the Catholic teaching at all, but his description of Fascism makes abundantly clear the antagonism between the two systems. Let us return to his exposition.

Fascism "rejects entirely the theories of natural law

**International Conciliation, October, 1926. New York: The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.*

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developed in the course of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries." It regards civil society "as a succession of generations and not as a collection of individuals." The social group, i.e., civil society, is "the recapitulating unity of the indefinite series of generations. . . . Individuals come into being, grow and die, followed by others, unceasingly; social unity remains always identical to itself." Here, then, we have civil society, the nation, the state, conceived as a quasi-eternal entity, reality, demi-god, leviathan, distinct from and superior to the individuals of any and every generation. "For Fascism," continues Signor Rocco, "society is an end, individuals the means, and its whole life consists in using individuals as instruments for its social ends. . . . Individual rights are recognized only in so far as they are implied in the rights of the state."

Of a certainty, there is nothing new in this. It is as old as Hegel, and far older. It was explicit in the political theories of the ancient world, when, to quote Lord Acton, "the passengers existed for the sake of the ship." In the nineteenth century, it was widely held by political writers and came to be known as the theory of "the omnipotent state," sometimes as the theory of the "kultur-staat." From the temporary obscuration which it suffered in consequence of the world war, it is now rescued by Fascism and paraded as an original discovery—or invention.

Signor Rocco next turns to "the problems of liberty, of government, and of social justice." Under each of these heads his conclusions are exactly what we should expect in view of the fundamental propositions already set forth. Fascism rejects any "bill of rights which tends to make the individual superior to the state and to empower him to act in opposition to society. . . . Like any other individual right, liberty is a concession of the state."

Democracy likewise falls under the ban. For the doctrine of popular sovereignty, Fascism substitutes that of state sovereignty. It holds that ultimate political power cannot be entrusted to the masses "for the reason that the capacity to ignore individual private interests in favor of the higher demands of society and of history is a very rare gift and the privilege of the chosen few." While the people are not to be deprived of all political influence, "it is judicious to entrust the normal control of the commonwealth to a selected élite." Unfortunately, Signor Rocco neglects to give us the formula according to which the élite are to be identified and established. Is the process to be self-determination by the élite through the methods of the strong arm?

In his brief discussion of social reform, Signor Rocco declares that the problem of capital and labor is "perhaps the central one in modern life," but he rejects the solution offered by socialism, mainly on grounds of social utility. For this reason, not for reasons of social welfare, Fascism recognizes the right of private property. There is only one possible solution of the industrial problem: "the realization of justice among the classes by and through the state." There must be class organization and class defense, but not class self-defense. Hence class organization, the syndicate, the trade-union, "must be controlled, disciplined, and subordinated by the state." The practical effect of this policy upon individual liberty and the right of economic association will be seen presently, when we take up Fascism in practice.

No small part of the practical strength of Fascism has arisen from its appeal to the sentiment of Italian nationalism. Modern nationalism, as recent events have made us only too painfully aware, has some of its strongest roots in national history. Hence we are not surprised to find more than one-third of Signor Rocco's discourse falling under the head, Historical Value of the Doctrine of Fascism.

Just as the natural rights doctrine of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries gave rise to principles which dominated political theory and practice for the last century and a half, so the Fascist doctrine "will determine the course of a new culture and a new conception of civil life. The deliverance of the individual from the state, carried out in the eighteenth century, will be followed in the twentieth century by the rescue of the state from the individual." Nor does this mean a return to the political conceptions of the middle-ages. Of these Fascism is "a complete negation. . . . If Fascism can be said to look back at all, it is rather in the direction of ancient Rome, whose social and political traditions, at the distance of fifteen centuries, are being revived by Fascist Italy." Exactly so. The middle-ages stressed the sacredness of the individual and his rights; ancient Rome submerged him in the omnipotent state.

Indeed, the liberal-democratic political theory, which is to be supplanted by the Fascist theory, is closely connected, says Signor Rocco, with mediaeval doctrine. Therefore, it is "foreign to the Latin mind." The mediaeval theory resulted from "the triumph of German individualism over the political mentality of the Romans." Even in the middle-ages, Italian political doctrine "linked itself with the great political writers of antiquity, Plato and Aristotle, who, in a different manner but with an equal firmness, advocated a strong state and the subordination of individuals to it."

According to Signor Rocco, the Roman political tradition finds expression in the teachings of Niccolo Machiavelli. The famous, or notorious, Florentine "is not only the greatest of modern political writers; he is also the greatest of our countrymen in full possession of a national Italian consciousness." The doctrine with which the name of Machiavelli is most notably associated, that in political affairs the end justifies the means, Signor Rocco condones if he does not accept. It is from Machiavelli, he says, that

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Fascism "learns not only its doctrines, but its action as well."

Signor Rocco then passes in review the theories of Vico, Cuoco and Mazzini, all of whom carried on more or less faithfully the "Roman tradition." For several years before the great war, however, Italian political thought had become "enslaved" to foreign theories. Thanks to Fascism, the task of intellectual liberation is now being slowly accomplished, the intellectual dependence of Italy is coming to an end, and "Italy again speaks to the world and the world listens to Italy. It is a great task and a great deed and it demands great efforts. To carry it through we must, each one of us, free ourselves of the dross of ideas and mental habits which two centuries of foreign intellectualistic traditions have heaped upon us; we must not only take on a new culture, but create for ourselves a new soul. . . . To our work, then, fellow-countrymen, for the glory of Italy!"

From Signor Rocco's exposition, we are justified in drawing the following summary conclusions: Fascism contradicts the Catholic doctrine on the authority, functions, and purpose of the state, on the natural rights of the individual, and on the means which the state may rightfully use; it rejects the principles of political democracy; and it promotes a spirit of excessive nationalism which is not conducive to international peace. In other words, the Fascist theory is a pragmatic combination of absolutism, Machiavellianism, Toryism, and Chauvinism.

In evaluating the Fascist movement, however, we must guard against attributing undue influence to the theory. When Mussolini and his cohorts began the task of organizing the movement and formulating their plans for overturning the existing political régime and seizing the government themselves, they probably were not much moved by any formal set of principles. They were thinking only of certain practical ends which they sought to attain by certain practical means. The theory which Signor Rocco sets forth and Premier Mussolini confirms as authoritative, was compiled after the movement had reached its main objectives. The theory then became necessary, or at least very useful, to give the acts and the aims of the movement some degree of rational coherence, some semblance of theoretical authority. It was particularly needed in order to provide a systematic political creed which would give authoritative guidance for present and future action. But the creed took form as a set of generalizations from Fascist history and methods, rather than as a set of principles deriving their authority from political speculation. In origin it was narrowly empirical, even though every one of its elements may be found in previously constructed systems. It is an eclectic compilation that has been adapted to the needs of Fascism in action.

# SONG CYCLES OF CATHAY

By JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH

"IF EVER an age needed beautiful songs," remarks Lord Dunsany in his introduction to the poems of Francis Ledwidge, "our age needs them."

Chinese poetry is the largest body of verse in the world, coming from a people of whom Ampere remarks: "Of all nations, the Chinese seems to be fondest of poetry. All the educated write verses." This statement applies in later times to the uneducated as well. Judith Gautier, writing of half a century ago, says: "Sometimes an independent author addresses himself directly to the people. He writes his verses on the wall of the entrance to a quarter, most often without signing them. People stop and read them and discuss them. If a scholar passes and finds the poem worthy the trouble, he makes a copy of it which he keeps for his friends, and eventually he puts it with others similarly discovered. Poems kept in this manner are soon wafted from mouth to mouth, become famous and, in the end, popular. It is thus posterity and a certain plebiscite which determines a poet's claim to distinction." "In olden times," says Pan-Kou, "the sages themselves did not compare with the poets in estimation."

Chinese poetry is not only the largest, but the oldest body of poetry in the world. Some of the odes in the Shi-King—a monumental work composed of some three thousand separate poems, covering the whole period of about a thousand years during which the old states were formed and feudally related down to the eighth century B. C. and from which Confucius compiled a selection of 311 odes, are accepted by the highest authority as between twenty-five hundred and three thousand years old. The compendium of Confucius was adopted by the Chinese as a kind of poetical "bible" and for at least three centuries after, there seems to have been little incentive to poetical expression. But there was a reawakening and since then, the poets of China have sung in many and beautiful strains.

Japanese poetry is a later growth. Its earliest written origins are traceable to about the beginning of the fourth century B. C., when the first Korean teacher arrived in the country, and the art of written expression began; although the very earliest Japanese compositions antedate even the introduction of the art of writing. The main body of Japanese poetry is but little imitative; nearly all other aesthetic impulse in that country deriving for the most part

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directly from Chinese sources. Japanese poetry is, on the whole, the most original expression of this ingenious and curious people.

The claim of this vast and important body of original literature found little recognition from the Latin races, obviously from the difficulties of the language—and little attention was paid to this ancient treasure-house even by the inquisitive English till about the end of the third quarter of the eighteenth century. Lord Macartney's mission in 1792, the first embassy from the throne, brought back many curious and beautiful objets d'art and a renewed interest in a land which had been forgotten since Marco Polo. Goldsmith conceived a very ingenious and timely idea in making his Citizen of the World (a series of essays which attracted wide attention in London at the time) a Chinese gentleman traveling in Europe. Sir William Jones at this period was drawn to the great field of classic oriental literature which he made his principal life-work.

A small number of independent translations were now attempted from the most curious and difficult of all tongues, some of which may undoubtedly still be found in the British Museum and the Ashmolean Library. The single item of the kind which the writer has come across in his necessarily restricted American reseaches, is a curious little tome at Columbia University which bears the native title, Han Kiou Choan, and the classic imprint of R. and J. Dodsley, London, 1761. The translator is J. Wilkinson. This is an ancient homily on Chinese morals and manners which gives the original text on the left-hand page, with the translation opposite. Since the opening of China to English commerce there have been occasional bits of translation of poetry by lonely English consuls and missionaries—but few of these have reached America, and it is probable that only a very small number of them would be found to possess any special literary value.

The interest in Chinese poetry on the part of English scholars has increased greatly within the past fifty years, and has resulted in the very excellent work, both in translation and paraphrase, of Professor Herbert Giles, Clifford Bax, Helen Waddell, Bainbridge Fletcher, Judith Gautier (in French) Cecil Clementi, Ezra Pound, Witter Bynner, Amy Lowell, and a few others, finally culminating in the splendid performances of L. Cranmer-Byng and of Arthur Waley.

The general interest in the field likewise is increasing, and more volumes have appeared in the past decade than in the half-century that went before. Native Chinese authorities both in this country and China are apparently taking a new hold on the subject, and volumes may now be expected in due course from Professor Hu Shih of the National University of Pekin (who, I am told by a Chinese authority here, is writing "a new poetry in Chinese"—I devoutly hope it is not in vers libre); Dr. K. F. Kiang, formerly the professor of Chinese literature at the University of California, now president of the Southern University of Shanghai; and Professor K. T. Mei of the Chinese department of Harvard, himself a promising young Chinese poet. It seems, indeed, as if Chinese poetry—the oldest in the world, as I have remarked—were perennial.

Of Japanese poetry, the same general story may be told. The reawakening seems to carry out that historical parallel between the two nations which has persisted from the beginnings of Japanese culture. This new interest is directly responsible for the recent work of Lafcadio Hearn, Curtis Hidden Page, Yone Noguchi, of the Fenellosas, Ezra Pound, Witter Bynner, Clara Walsh, Shigoyishi Obata, and Arthur Waley.

Chinese poetry must in all cases be compared with Chinese painting. Here is the most striking example in all art of the inseparable union of the two arts, although the same general parallel exists in all nations. Chinese poems are like a panorama of Chinese mural paintings; we see the pretty girl out walking, daintily gathering her robe about her feet, and smiling that shy, modest yet subtle smile that only oriental femininity seems to know. We see the emperor in his palace, surrounded by his counselors; the son of heaven is sitting upon his throne, as in Judith Gautier's poem, and we are permitted to behold him in all his glory. We see the sage bending over his tome or in eager discourse with his disciple. The young nobleman, attended by his retinue, rides off to the war; the sage climbs to the hut of the hermit lost in the clouds—the hermit who can still teach him wisdom; the lorn wife studies the moon—to the ancient Chinese as eloquent a symbol as to the Carthaginians—whose pale beams stream through her window; the fisherman goes with net and spear to the lake to seek lampreys. The young son is conscripted and is driven off to fight for the emperor amid the lamentations of his old parents. The hunter rides off to the chase on his fleet and sturdy Tartar horse, that Pegasus of Chinese poetry. Hi Shih the beautiful is pounding clothes at the brook as the emperor passes by and claims her for one of his wives (King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid). We see the peach tree in bloom, the cherry flower—we behold the stately bamboo, the locust, the plantain. We see the troops going to war; the defense of the Great Wall. We see Li 'Po taking wine with his fellow-poet Tu-Fu: we see Tu-Fu "Laughing at Nature." We see The River's Brim—The Cottage, The Flying-Fish, A Drifting Lotus-Petal.

All of these things we literally see as in Chinese painting—even where the poem is devoted to a mood, we can see the subjective figure. It is this visual quality (call it surface is you will—but it is none the less subtle—and has endured throughout the ages) that

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gives Chinese poetry its own niche—its place apart and immortal.

There is little epic hint in all this—and there is no machinery as of Olympus for instance, such as is presented us by the Greek masters. Occasionally we have the tragic mood, but for the most part the note is naïve, always has charm, and is sometimes refined to the last degree. No master of poetry in any age but could have learned from these Chinese masters. They seem, whatever their shortcomings, always sufficient unto themselves; they ask and have accepted nothing from any other source. They never falter within their own range. Their art is a complete thing; it considers every aspect and mood of their own experience of the soul and of nature.

There are many interesting and curious facts in the development of Chinese and Japanese poetry, but the most important one—a kind of summum bonum—is that of all poetic literatures as rendered into English, it seems to be the most self-revealing. Its virtues and its faults lie more open even to the most untrained sense than those of any other body of poetry in the world. Its subtleties are seldom cryptic even to the average intelligence. The attitude of the singer is often akin to that of the lover who wears his heart upon his sleeve. Often and again, he suggests the strain of Austin Dobson:

> Oh, the song where not one of the Graces
> tight-laces,
> Where the music like the piper a-playing
> comes Maying

This it is that makes Chinese poetry perennial. Thus it is that one can exclaim again with Dobson that:

> It will last till men weary of pleasure
> in measure.

## *Bacchanals in Blue*

Piccolo and saxophone,
Flute and violin
Raise walls more secure than stone—
Grief cannot creep in.

Trumpet taunt and rataplan
Of tympanum! Thus
We dance! Sorrow never can
Keep the pace with us.

Faster! Violins may sigh,
Saxophones may boast
Life is laughter . . . Yonder I
Saw a leering ghost.

Faster! Drown the doom that calls,
Crush the crawling doubt
That the music's golden walls
Cannot keep death out!

JOHN HANLON.

# THE CHINESE IN ALIEN LANDS

By FRANCIS X. FORD

WHEN a Britisher glories in the ability of his nationals to adapt themselves to every clime, he means, in fact, simply that a handful of his fellow-countrymen have made themselves at home in foreign parts. The white man is a failure as a colonial in a hot climate; he is everywhere only in the sense that he is represented at each port, and numerically insignificant otherwise within the tropics. He may spend a shortened lifetime even in the land of typhoons, but never become acclimated. He is like a polar bear in the zoo with a special diet of cold drinks and shaded ease; he dare not bend his back to the plow or bare his head to the sun that never sets on the British empire.

Again, the history of the white man as a colonizer in colder climates is not entirely glorious. He came as a conqueror by force of steel, who should have come as a man of toil, and wherever he could he made the native do his work. If the history of America is an exception (although the early trappers simply bought their goods) it is because we made the Indian an enemy who fought us and we had to import the negro. The white settler in the past three centuries became backed by foreign governments and until the divine right of the West to rule smaller nations be defined as dogma, the story of our dealings with the Orient is better left unsaid.

How different the story of China overseas. No lust of conquest or exploitation drew her venturing settlers; no armed junks or double-dealing gave them ingress in foreign lands; they asked no quarter from nature or from man. They came to get a living by hard work. In the islands of the Pacific, they took advantage of the blazing sun and torrential rains to cultivate their crops. In colder climes, when the white man limited their means of livelihood, they adapted their labors to whatever was allowed them. And it is a fact that wherever they have had a chance they have succeeded in establishing themselves firmly.

The most remarkable feature of Chinese penetration into other lands is that they have not, even when in the majority, attempted political domination. In such countries as the Philippines, where 90 percent of the retail business of the islands is in Chinese hands, or in Singapore where two-thirds of the population is Chinese, the Chinese submit to the laws of the land without interference. It may be true, of course, that the genius of ruling other peoples is not natural to the Chinese, but it may be nearer the truth that law-abiding, honest workers have no itch to rule their neighbors. As a matter of fact, the Chinese emigrants come from the few sections of China that are better governed than are other parts. The Hakkas are the emigrating race of Chinese, and it is they who have supplied Kwangtung with governors.

It was a surprise to me to read that Chinese emigrants in foreign lands number about eight millions, and that these eight millions come from three or four parts of the two southern provinces of Kwangtung and Fukien. They have scattered throughout the world. A mere enumeration of their present abodes would be too lengthy. Naturally, the countries nearer home have drawn the greater part, but there are thousands in such distant lands as Central and South America, the West Indies and Africa, while they are numbered in the hundreds of thousands in Russia, Siam, Indo-China, Dutch East Indies, Malaysia, and Borneo. The British empire has about one million and a half, not including a half million in Hongkong;

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133,000 are under the Stars and Stripes; France has 23,000 Chinese subjects, while little Holland governs almost one million; Peru has 75,000 Chinese, while the rest of South America has another 60,000.

This is but a rapid glance at the main figures of Chinese emigration. It would be an interesting study to compare them with the spread of Jewry throughout the world. One curious fact that stands out in such a comparison is that the Chinese and Jew bear the relation to each other of weasel and rat. Wherever there is a Chinese you will not find a Jew. Like the devil and holy water, they cannot abide together. This is a free suggestion to Henry Ford and Hilaire Belloc and others who fear the domination of the Jew. There is still another saying that one Chinese can out-Jew seven Jews.

Or we might contrast them with the exodus of Spanish settlers in former times. The Spaniards not only conquered and governed the lands they took, but they sank their identity by intermarriage with the native. The Chinese, on the contrary, never conquered or governed or were rarely assimilated by others; they have almost always remained a distinct race as pilgrims in a strange country.

Not that they thereby proved themselves poor citizens. 'Tis true they send a constant stream of money home to China and eventually follow it, but while doing so they leave their adopted land far better off than when they came. Wherever they go, they do not exploit, but create. Wherever they go, even in the white man's hunting-ground, they find the native unwilling to bend himself to hard work or tiny profits or co-operative sharing of both. In the South Seas, the native need not work so hard and in the American towns the native will not work as hard as do the Chinese emigrants. There is nothing miraculous in their progress, no gold mines or oil fields or wire-pulling politics, no monopolies or crown grants to make them wealthy overnight. They never become wealthy in the American sense; I doubt if they could without forsaking venerable traditions, for they believe and act on the principles of small profits for everyone, sharing in common of these profits with their fellow-villagers, honest if very sharp bargaining, and abiding by contracts once made. Theirs is a story of patient plodding—though the word "plodding" has a despairing, stupid note in it which is not found in them—they are not a race of "small shopkeepers" in the sneering sense in which the term was first applied elsewhere. There is nothing "small" about them—they do not think the meanest work unnobling and they see it in its relation to the whole. The Chinese live from hand to mouth, but not in the figurative sense. They stint today that tomorrow their families may abound. And with all this hard work, long hours, and poor food they stand apart from other classes who are struggling for daily bread. In the slums of the big cities, they live side by side with other unfortunate poor. These others have the graces of Christian truths to brace them, the Chinese have but a pagan outlook and yet among the Chinese you will not find the hopeless peevishness and dullness that not rarely increases the burden of the poor.

They adapt themselves to their conditions and do not kick against the goad. As a race, the Chinese is agricultural, and thus makes an ideal settler anywhere; as a farmer, he has a steadier mind that resists the allurements of more unequal chances in the cities. But the Chinese at home is more than a farmer; he raises his crops, of course, but he himself also sells them; he is as much a tradesman as a farmer. From childhood he has been taught the value of everything he needs and he knows the cost of raw material and the labor required in perfecting it. A Chinese Robinson Crusoe would soon make a flourishing port of his desert island.

It was natural, then, when the British and Dutch East India Companies needed laborers for their work, to turn to China for them. Some of the means used to get them are interesting. There is extant a letter from one of the first governor-generals of the Dutch East Indies, with the following suggestions: "A very great number of people is necessary for the inhabiting of Batavia. . . . No people in the world do us better service than the Chinese. . . . It is requisite by this present monsoon to send another fleet to visit the coast of China and take prisoners as many men, women, and children as possible." Despite such a beginning, the Chinese later came voluntarily to these islands. In twenty years, 56,000 left from Swatow to work the tobacco fields of Sumatra. They now own large estates of copra, sugar, rubber, tea and coffee. In Java and Siam, they practically control the sugar industry; all retail trade throughout the Indies is in their hands and now they are rivals of the Europeans in exports.

The story in the Philippines has a like result. Wherever they are free to plow and buy and sell, they quietly in time become masters of the trade. There is a reason for this success which we can easily understand. The Catholic Church inevitably becomes wealthy if given time and peace, as its members constantly contribute more than they use and the profit each year accumulates. So, too, do the Chinese succeed; each works, not as an individual, but as a member of a village. There is continuity in their efforts which is bound, after generations of work, to bring its reward. For the most part, in the islands of the Pacific, they have been allowed a fair liberty to work and they have wisely satisfied themselves as small traders, leaving large profits in the wholesale exports to the European firms. Wherever competition with the white man enters, the Chinese has no redress against the laws that are framed to restrict his energies for he does not meddle in politics. In Canada and the United States, he has patiently suffered indignities and gradually increasing exclusion taxes, police raids and expulsion without cause, riots and hangings, and even in ordinary times neglect and distrust and petty annoyances, so that he has well earned whatever profit he has made. Yet even in America he has gained a footing, precarious though it be, and has contributed his mite to the progress of our country.

It is a pity that throughout the world the Chinese has not been given a chance to prove his worth. Friendly rivalry would have made his contribution an asset to us, and our respect for his power would have a salutary chastening effect on our business ethics. Is it any wonder that China heretofore has been suspicious of our trade concessions and unwilling to extend to foreigners the privilege of engaging extensively in commerce within her territory?

## *Meditation*

I send my thoughts by day on varied trails
And let my hands and feet
Remain at home to keep the cottage bright—
Well-aired and swept and sweet—
For the travelers' return. And oh, what tales
They tell when shades are drawn and lamps alight,
What marvelous tales
They tell around the friendly fire at night!

MARY J. ELMENDORF.

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# COMMUNICATIONS

## ANSWERING AN ECONOMIC CHALLENGE

St. Mary's, Kansas.

TO the Editor:—In The Commonweal of September 22, there appeared a communication with the title: An Economic Challenge. The writer, Stephen Du Brul, has a difficulty about the application of the principle of a "living wage," so earnestly advocated by Catholic economic thought. He puts his difficulty in the concrete form of an example and argues something like this: "You Catholic economists have been advocating a living wage for workmen. Your theory has appeared just and reasonable. It appeals alike to the employer and employee. It claims to settle many modern problems, which both the workmen and the capitalists have to face. Yes, it is a wonderful theory. It seems faultless, unanswerable. But, remember, it is only a theory. It is something in the abstract; in fact, it is in the air. Now I am going to test it. I am going to present a difficulty—a real difficulty; not one that has been invented for the sake of argument, but one that at present is before a factory owner. If you cannot answer this difficulty, if you cannot tell this factory owner what to do, if you cannot solve a real problem, even though it is a hard problem; then away with all your teaching about the principle of a 'living wage'! You have failed. You have had a chance to apply your principle, and you could not do so."

I wish to point out an evident fallacy in Mr. Du Brul's argument. The concrete case which he cites is artfully put; details are marshaled in such a fashion as to leave no possibility of a subterfuge in the reply. Yet I make bold to assert that nothing can be argued for or against the principle of a living wage from a solution or a failure of the solution of the difficulty. Mr. Du Brul seems to think that if his difficulty cannot be solved, then the principle of a living wage must be wrong. Herein lies his fallacy. In other words, his economic challenge is not a challenge at all. It aims at no principle, not even at the practicability of the principle. If I reply to him briefly that I cannot answer his difficulty, it would simply mean that in this single case the theory of the living wage does not work; and there is no social, economic, or scientific principle which will work under all circumstances and conditions.

The writer often watched the movements of an excursion steamer on the Mississippi River. It was a large boat and seemed suited for ocean service rather than for inland towns or cities. The exact manoeuvres of the vessel at its approach to a wharf, were executed with the precision of one aiming at a target. It was marvelous how the unseen pilot could so direct such a cumbersome boat. The windings of the steamer through the tortuous channels of the river brought ever fresh delight and interest to the passengers. The dexterity in handling the boat could be observed by comparison with the shores and numerous islands. At sea there is nothing to measure and no objects with which to compare the progress, but on this river steamer, every turn was noticeable.

But one day a storm swept down the river, and the big boat refused to go upstream. The boilers were worked to their capacity, and the current was avoided as much as possible; but no progress could be made, and the steamer was forced to drift downstream to its docks. It had met a difficulty which it could not overcome.

Now, it would be wrong to argue from this incident, that the boat had not succeeded in making its trip in the past, or that it would not do so in the future. It had carried out an almost perfect schedule for years, and continued to do so after the incident told above. It simply failed to work under certain conditions; and even if it failed several times in a year, nothing could be argued against river navigation in general, or this special steamer in particular.

So it is with the case which Mr. Du Brul presents. It is a difficult problem. It may be so difficult that advocates of the living wage fail to apply their theory to it. Granting, for the sake of argument, that this is true, nothing can be adduced from it against the principle of a living wage. Like the steamer, it has met with difficulties which make its application impossible; but it has worked in thousands of other cases, and will work in ten thousand in the future. The principle of a living wage cannot be disproved by the failure of a single or even of many unanswerable problems.

REV. HENRY S. SPALDING, S.J.

## MR. DU BRUL EXPLAINS HIS LETTER

Jackson, Ohio.

TO the Editor:—It is unfortunate that my letter in The Commonweal of September 22 was editorially entitled An Economic Challenge, for it was not so intended. Possibly both of your correspondents who replied to that letter took it for a challenge, which may account for the slightly aggressive attitude both have displayed.

Miss Elizabeth Church maintains, in your issue of October 6, that the employer whose problem is cited has only two alternatives: either to pay at least the present wage, or to close his plant. She contends that a cut in wages would be unjust "if the employer recoups his losses at the expense of his employees." This contention is not justified from the facts given. No attempt is being made to recoup losses, but merely to keep the business from bankruptcy or a complete suspense of operations. As for the two alternatives presented, it has always seemed to me that half a loaf is better than none.

Father Maguire's letter in your issue of October 20 is much more difficult of analysis. In the first place, he says I have "unconsciously put into concrete terms the arguments that they (the Catholic thinkers on economic problems) have been using for many years." It is gratifying to have Father Maguire admit the abstract character of the language of these thinkers, for that has been my own experience. Finding them so abstract as to be practically useless in my search for an answer to the problem which I presented, I turned to The Commonweal, hoping that enough representative answers would be forthcoming to enable me to deduce from them a moral principle for the determination of a fair wage. The letter was not intended as "an indictment of these critics" and it is a misinterpretation to so designate it, when I merely asked for more patience on their part when dealing with such problems.

"An economic system which does not enable a necessary industry to pay living wages to the workers is by that very fact convicted of inadequacy and incompetence. . . . Why, then, should Catholic employers defend such a system?" This is a hasty generalization of the baldest kind. I did not say that the industry was not paying a living wage, but a notoriously low wage. To argue that because this one concern cannot

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afford to pay a living wage, therefore the whole economic system needs rebuilding, is exactly like saying that because the plumbing in a house leaks, a new house should be built, or at least a new plumbing system installed, when further investigation might show that half a yard of piping will repair the trouble. This argument of Father Maguire's is the very kind against which I protested in my first letter. It is illogical and characteristic of those fruitless arguments that these critics "have been using for many years."

Why employers "oppose legislative measures for the amelioration of the working classes" has nothing whatever to do with our present problem, but since Father Maguire has injected it into this controversy, it deserves a reply. One of the reasons why these measures are opposed in many cases is because those proposing them want the employers to bear the whole burden of the expense when it should be borne equitably by every member of the community. Naturally, the slogan of "soak the rich" makes the employers recalcitrant. Would not Father Maguire instinctively be hypercritical of any legislation proposed by the Ku Klux Klan? His whole letter is a rather naïve example of "ignoratio elenchi."

I presented a concrete problem of immediate importance in our present system, and asked for a solution, not an argument. Father Maguire contents himself with criticizing me for ever defending that order and then tells me to solve the problem myself. If then, my solution does not agree with his ideas of social justice, he should be rather hesitant about criticizing it. As a matter of fact, the character of his letter is a perfect illustration of the very sort of sociology to which I object. I ask for bread and he gives me a stone! Perhaps this is the reason why so few Catholic employers attend the Conference on Industrial Problems. Maybe they think it too great a waste of time.

It is true, as Father Maguire contends, that I have on occasion defended our economic system, but he has gravely misunderstood my position. I can illustrate it by citing a fairly parallel case. If a non-Catholic should contend to Father Maguire that the Church cannot be what we claim it to be—that is, a divine institution, divinely inspired—because many prominent historical personages identified with it led rather scandalous lives, he will immediately point out that what the Church teaches and what men do are two independent considerations and the truth of the former is not dependent on the fact of the latter. I am in a similar position, being just as much aware, if not more so than he, of the economic evils and abuses about us, but maintaining that these evils and abuses are not inherent in the economic order as such, but in the nature of the men composing it. Selfishness and dishonesty will always be, as they have always been, obstacles to the perfection of any system of human activity, and if the success of Father Maguire's proposed industrial democracy is dependent upon higher motives than those now governing our economic life, it is doomed to failure. May I suggest that Father Maguire reread Mr. A. R. Orage's The Quest of God in The Commonweal of March 3, 1926? A thorough understanding of that remarkable paper will further bear out this contention.

As for the justice of the case, what is unjust about an employer offering to pay what he can? His men are under no compulsion from him to accept it. It was quite generally admitted at Cleveland at the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems on October 1, when our present problem was under discussion, that this employer was not committing any injustice and I do not recall any strong dissent from Father Maguire at that time.

We must recognize a sharp distinction when discussing wages, that wages may not be living wages, and yet, as far as the employer is concerned, may be fair, while on the other hand, a wage may be a living wage and yet not be a fair one. The broader question then, as to the moral standard of a fair wage remains unanswered by either of your correspondents. And until a clear definition can be given, one which will be serviceable as a working basis to determine a fair wage, I reiterate the request made in my original letter, that those denouncing employers merely for not paying living wages in any particular case, get all the facts and make no claims until they have a fair solution, that is fair to both sides.

I am beginning to feel like Diogenes with The Commonweal as my lantern.

STEPHEN DU BRUL.

## A DAY OF PRAYER AND ACTION

Milwaukee, Wis.

TO the Editor:—I wish to make a suggestion which I trust will be a very fruitful one. The feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, is the patronal feast of the Catholic Church in the United States. Let us make it a day of special prayer for the oppressed and outraged Catholics in Mexico, who are deprived of their religious and civil rights, and suffering from intolerable persecutions. Let us encourage Catholics throughout the country in parishes, schools, institutions, and in private homes to offer special and earnest prayers either on December 8 or on the following Sunday, December 12, for the liberty of the Church in Mexico and the redress of the wrongs being done to Catholics there. Then let everyone write a personal letter in his own words to the President of Mexico asking that the citizens of Mexico be allowed to practise their religion freely as are the citizens of the United States. These letters may be addressed to Plutarco Calles, President of the United States of Mexico, Mexico, D. F., Mexico. The sending of these letters will be a work of zeal in honor of our Blessed Mother and their number will emphasize the attitude of the citizens of the United States toward the Mexican persecutions.

I trust that our priests and people will approve of this suggestion and will carry it out on the coming great feast so that a wave of prayer and action by the citizens of this country may go forth for their suffering and oppressed brethren.

REV. EDWARD F. GARESCHE, S.J.

## THE REËLECTION OF MONSIGNOR SEIPEL

Denton, Texas.

TO the Editor:—The Commonweal of November 3 has a commentary on the reëlection of Monsignor Seipel as Chancellor of the Austrian cabinet. This is his third term. A remarkable event, of which the public press seems to be ignorant. Monsignor Seipel has the misfortune of being a Catholic priest. This fact excludes him from the sanction of the public press. If he were a non-Catholic minister or an atheist, there would be no end to the praise heaped upon him. He would be called, by all leading papers, the saviour of Austria. Can the public press claim to be fair and impartial? Why give so much space to the doings of Calles, who is crushing his country, and take no notice of Monsignor Seipel, who is rebuilding a country which was in the mire?

REV. RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

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# THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

## *Daisy Mayme*

A NEW George Kelly play has become one of the season's standard events—surely not because of Craig's Wife alone, but rather because that and The Show-Off came from the same pen within two seasons, marking their author as something of a genius among the reporting type of playwrights. To say that George Kelly carries a mental note-book with him everywhere and that his plays are built upon gleanings from that book rather than from adventures of imagination, is merely to take him at his word. He makes few pretensions and is quite able to live up to those he does make, which is a sturdy lesson in fine sincerity. One must accept his plays within their own obvious intention and not try to compare him, let us say, to O'Neill.

This applies most pointedly to Daisy Mayme, Mr. Kelly's latest photograph of humdrum America. In The Show-Off, one felt glittering beneath all the absurdities and trivialities of the characters the amazing sprite of adventure. The chief character might easily have been a member of the Pickwick Club. In Craig's Wife, life became more confined. The husband who left his intolerable home was much more a fugitive than an adventurer. In Daisy Mayme, the spirit is still more confined. A real-estate man with a keen sense of family responsibility and a tribe of watchful and jealous female relatives, encounters, through his daughter, a breezy and not too young lady from the Middle-West, and, almost without knowing how it has happened, finds himself prosaically engaged to her as the last curtain falls. Yes. There is no more to the plot than that. But there is considerably more to the play. And here is where the note-book comes in.

Without the niceties of the note-book, Daisy Mayme would be nothing more than a drab and totally uninteresting episode. But from the note-book springs the life of the characters. The elderly sisters talk—and even if you were never blessed with sisters of any kind, you know that sisters have talked like that since the world first recovered from the flood. The real-estate man blunders from one banality to another, and at once you know that way down deep you do and think exactly the same things, no matter how much frosting you try to lay over them. There were plenty of women who saw their neighbors and never themselves in Craig's Wife, and there will be plenty of men who will see everyone but themselves in Cliff Mettinger, but that is not Mr. Kelly's fault. It is just the pathetic defense we all try to set up against being honest with ourselves—a defense that insists on our being different from all other humans instead of excruciatingly like them. The genius of the Kelly note-book lies in its economy of observation. It picks the phrases and characteristics universal to all men and women and ignores those minutiae which we fondly believe make us better than, or at the very least different from, others.

Yet even so perfect a note-book has its limitations. We may all be alike, and yet show an extraordinary variety in the degree of our many instincts. By pushing generalizations too far we can arrive at a fatal drabness. In making his characters such patently universal types, Mr. Kelly, at least in Daisy Mayme, has gone too far. The fascination of life comes from finding the similarities beneath surface differences; not from ignoring the differences entirely. There is not much sparkle to Daisy Mayme, little adventure, and what humor there is becomes in time monotonously ironic.

The play is almost too faithfully acted, with the best characterization falling to Josephine Hull as the least acid of the sisters. Carlton Brickert as Mettinger is as colorless as his part intends him to be.

## *Sure Fire*

THIS play has, at least, a daring title, in as much as the author, Rolph Murphy, has expressly indicated that it contains all the elements of the formula generally destined for box-office success. What happens is that an unsuccessful playwright is spurred on by his friends to draw his next play from real life in a small village rather than from his imagination. He betakes himself to Clayville and there finds that all the rural characters he has long made fun of in "clean" plays really exist and do pretty much as tradition says. Of course, the spirit of the play is that of spoofing—akin to Seven Keys to Baldpate, and it comes off with moderate success, even if without the glamour of the happenings on Baldpate mountain.

The part of the playwright is taken by the same Robert Armstrong who delighted so many audiences in Is Zat So? The present part is less in his vein, perhaps, than the well-known prize-fighter, but he still handles his comedy well. The most notable contribution of the play is a young lady named Nancy Sheridan who, as the beautiful country lass of time-honored fable, manages to inject an amazing sincerity and simplicity of feeling into dangerously trite lines and situations. This play is good, within its own intentions, which are limted and mildly satirical.

## *White Wings*

THE brief career of this play prevents more than the courtesy epitaph demanded by a Winthrop Ames production and the authorship of Philip Barry—a combination that should have brought forth something notable. Here was the start of an amusing idea—a family whose males had been "white wings" for many generations and who took to themselves as much pride in this tradition as do the descendants of a line of Presidents. Unfortunately, the first act gave away the complete secret of all the others—a sort of milestone treatment which carried one through the generations from the first horseless carriage to the modern automotive city, with the white wings forever against the advance of the new idea. The last three acts held no surprise and much clumsy repetition. Then, too, the treatment did not permit of genuine feeling. A veil of artificiality hung over the entire performance and is what probably became, in brief course, its winding sheet.

## *The Ladder*

THE possibilities of reincarnation seem to hold no end of fascination for certain playwrights. Brock Pemberton has selected a play on this theme, by J. Frank Davis, as a vehicle for exquisite costuming and some fine stage settings, ranging through six centuries. There is a sop for those who resent the reincarnation idea in the fact that the successive happenings, in which all the same characters appear, turn out to be only a dream with a "lesson."

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Strictly as a play, the idea is too far-fetched, without a compensating sparkle of sheer fancy, to carry conviction or sustained emotional interest. But if accepted as a series of one-act plays, two or three of them furnish considerable interest. The one at the close of the thirteenth century has inherent color and force, but is the least well acted. The English play of 1670 is simply a drab copy of that license which the sophisticates like to extol because of its supposed supreme wit. The most interesting of all the episodes is certainly that laid in the New York of 1844. It is also the best acted. The prologue and epilogue are both in modern times, and being intended to point a moral, fail rather heavily.

The heroine of all the episodes, who is also the dreamer, is played by Antoinette Perry with varying success. She does not, unfortunately, have the knack of wearing costumes convincingly. Quite the opposite is true of Miss Irene Purcell. This young actress has grasped the secret that gait, manner, voice, and gesture all change with costume, and she is remarkably successful in transforming herself from period to period, including the bouncing and flapperish present.

### *The Straw Hat*

THE little American Laboratory Theatre has won considerable attention in the last two years by the exuberance and originality of its work under the direction of Richard Boleslavsky, formerly of the Moscow Art Theatre. This year it has started its season with an adaptation of Labiche's Straw Hat, with special music by Randall Thompson.

It is not a production which gives Mr. Boleslavsky an opportunity such as he had in Twelfth Night for sheer boisterous good humor. The adaptation is amateurish, the lines largely filled with slang of three years ago, and the action so broken as to leave chiefly a feeling of confusion. Nevertheless, it does give a few of the young actors an opportunity at luxurious farce. Anne Schmidt, formerly of the Neighborhood Playhouse company, does a country bride with exquisite and naïve awkwardness—the awkwardness which only a person of natural grace can achieve. And one Frances Wilson, as a country cousin who never utters a syllable, is destined some day to rival Harpo Marks for sheer perfection of dumb play. Mr. Thompson's music, which suffers from receiving only a thin piano accompaniment, has moments of exceptional lyric beauty. It is least successful in its approaches to modern jazz. Two or three of the numbers, however, deserve a prompt hearing on Broadway.

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# BOOKS

*England, by W. R. Inge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.*

IN The World of William Clissold, Mr. H. G. Wells makes a striking comparison between himself and Dean Inge. He says (I quote with substantial, not verbal, accuracy) that if some superhuman chemist could reduce his body and the Dean's to powder and examine their constitutent molecules, he would find them to be very similar. For each would contain slight vestiges of a belief in a living personal God. And each would be rather weak on the Virgin Birth and very strong on birth control. It is an illuminating passage. It helps to explain the bitter, though probably unconscious, prejudice the two men share against the Catholic Church.

But Wells, though a bounder, has many warm human elements in him. Inge, though a gentleman, in the sense in which he understands the term, seems to be almost completely lacking in humanity, and this fact, combined with his series of prejudices, makes him almost the last conceivable person to explain his country and my own. But, indeed, it is not of my country that he writes. Inge-Land, and not England, is the subject of his book.

First to deal with the Dean's prejudices. He seems to dislike and despise all foreigners—except the Germans, whose scientific bureaucracy naturally attracts him, and the Austrians, because their aristocrats are the nearest approach to English "gentlemen" that he has met. He particularly dislikes Frenchmen and Americans and Irishmen—most of all, of course, Irishmen.

"America was quite openly furnishing, not only funds, but agitators, murderers and incendiaries, to aid the rebels." Consequently "three-quarters of Ireland were left to lapse into barbarism under the tutelage of a crafty and tyrannical priesthood."

As for the United States: "For more than a hundred years England has submitted, for the sake of Canada, to a series of affronts which would not have been tolerated from any other nation, and we have stood between America and any project of a European coalition. If the British flag were hauled down on the North American continent, it is more than possible that the nations of Europe, enraged by the bloated prosperity and airs of superiority of 'the man that won by the war,' would combine to draw Shylock's teeth."

The urbane Dean also dislikes (among other things) the British labor movement. The coal strike he calls, with startling originality, a "criminal conspiracy." So far are the miners from having suffered from Mr. Churchill's cynical attempt to starve them out, that they live in notable luxury. And the new type of labor representative is "a drunken blackguard who turns the House of Commons into a bear-garden."

Is there nothing, then, that the Very Reverend Dean likes? Not much; but he looks back with regret upon the old-fashioned poor who were, as legend tells us, content with the station in which God had placed them, and who, as Cobbett tells us, had an average wage of eight shillings a week. The Dean also likes, nay, he even admires, "English gentlemen." By which he means such as who are at least sons of the squires or the more highly beneficed clergy, and who have been educated in one of the public schools and Oxford or Cambridge. No Catholic, as the Dean has explicitly said—though not in this book—can possibly be an "English gentleman."

But our Dean has all of the frigid insolence that is a char-

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acteristic of many "English gentlemen" and a still larger number of their middle-class imitators. And the attitude is as ungracious as it is, in these days, dangerous. We are no longer in a position to insult with impunity the rest of the human race. And the public-school man, whom Dean Inge regards with such touching innocence as the salt of the earth, has proved his inadequacy and is out of date. If Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, the great war was nearly lost there.

It so happens that I have been reading, concurrently with Dean Inge's book, Mr. Colum's The Road Round Ireland. And I am forced to contrast with shame the humanity, gentleness, sweetness, charm, and wisdom of the Irishman's book with the arrogance, prejudice, and ignorance displayed so openly in the Englishman's.

Yet, it is perhaps not altogether the Very Reverend Dean's fault that he is a snob and a sceptic in equal parts, or that he has the clerical fatuity to write so often this sort of thing: "The word parliament, as Sir Courtenay Ilbert [!] reminds us, means a talk." Perhaps even it is not his fault—I brace myself in an ecstasy of heroic virtue to practise charity—that he talks the fly-blown Nordic nonsense and refers to the Irish ("absurdly called Celtic") as a Mediterranean stock that possesses, generally speaking (how rich is that qualification!) "the engaging qualities, and the deep-rooted moral defects, of the race from which it springs."

Let us remember that these things are the fault of the Dean's unfortunate upbringing. On the other hand, it is only just to say that it is no credit to him that the dear land in which he lives has put its mark even upon his soul. "He carries his English weather in his heart wherever he goes." That is truly and beautifully said.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

*Benjamin Franklin, the First Civilized American, by Phillips Russell. New York: Brentano's. $5.00.*

IT MAY be said with some show of justice that only an eighteenth-century writer, or one thoroughly absorbed in the ideas, mannerisms and literary style of the eighteenth century, can really do justice to the figure of a man like Benjamin Franklin. "Civilized," indeed, is an apt word for the subtitle of a Franklin biography, if the term "civilization" is to be limited so as to mean only that curiously liberal, and no less curiously narrow, world in which our great Revolutionary personages and most of their European contemporaries lived and moved. Of this world Franklin was phenomenally typical: he was a thoroughgoing rationalist, a deist; his ethics were honestly utilitarian; John Locke and the third Earl of Shaftesbury supplied him with all the philosophy he needed; Swift and Defoe provided his models of excellence in composition; he was sincere, if shallow; he was curious and many-sided; he was liberty-loving, frank, unsentimental and witty; he was often irreverent for the sake of irreverence; he was practical and efficient; his nature was social and lovable.

These virtues made him the idol of his era, and they preserve him as a schoolboy's hero today. All of them, together with their concomitant vices and shortcomings, are amply displayed in his familiar autobiography. And, be it said with all respect to the new psychological school of biology, no modern study can hope to reveal more of the inner man than Franklin himself has revealed to those who read his own life-story with discernment. More facts, more documents may be added to the portrait, but scarcely more truth.

This should be kept in mind, in justice to the present volume which (except in the publisher's announcements) does not pretend to be elaborate, definitive or complete, or to revolutionize current notions of the solon of colonial Philadelphia. It is written by a very sprightly, up-to-the-minute journalist, a psychoanalytic adept with a taste for the dramatic, who has gathered a certain amount of hitherto buried material and has aimed to present it briefly in the current fashion—that is to say, in a style at once terse, witty, cock-sure, outspoken and penetrating. The result is, as was inevitable, a book of considerable entertainment-value, but of no overweening importance.

The new material consists of some playfully amorous letters written to Franklin by his Parisian friends, Mmes. Brillon and Helvetius and the Countess d'Houdetot, in the course of their flirtations with him. There is also a reprint of his supposedly salacious Letter of Advice to a Young Man on the Choice of a Mistress, which the present reviewer remembers having seen surreptitiously circulated in manuscript at the public school which he attended some twenty years ago. There is also a not unlikely, but rather overemphasized, speculation that Franklin consciously modeled his character after that of Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley. There is a plain, unblushing account of Franklin's natural son, and of his likewise natural grandson. These items exhaust the novelties in the book. The rest will prove thrice-familiar ground to the majority of readers.

As pure diversion, however, the work is undoubtedly a success. Beginning with a "catechism" of three pages, in which the events of the hero's first twelve years are covered by a series of ultra-simple questions and answers, it moves swiftly on from high-spot to high-spot, with admirable, if sometimes quite childish, lucidity and directness. The smart journalistic jargon is sometimes faintly offensive: "The province is bossed by Governor Samuel Shute, one of those far-flung dunderheads who through the years have done so much to start seams in the British ship of state. He has quarreled with the Massachusetts general court, and in a dudgeon is off home to tell mama about it."

The twentieth-century Freudian psychology which is brought in to illuminate the characters is only a sickly-green artificial imitation of the daylight of reason which makes Franklin's own writings and revelations so telling. Commenting on Franklin's use of a female pen-name in his first literary efforts, Mr. Russell writes: "Franklin had a pronounced feminine element in his nature and personality. This feminine element was visible even in his physical structure. His face was round. His shoulders were round. His limbs were round. Symbolists would say that Franklin typified the circle—all round. As he matured, he became conciliatory, non-combative, and preferred to please rather than to antagonize. He exhibited none of the harsh angularities of such associates as Washington and Jefferson. All his life he showed his undisguised pleasure in the society of women. He frequently appeared happier and more at ease in his correspondence with feminine friends than with his masculine ones." May it not be legitimate to consider even these characteristics as essentially mannish? Anyway, the "feminine theory" does not seem to clarify very much.

But these things are easily disregarded, for the book is obviously written for him who reads as he runs and does not meditate too deeply. It does manage in some degree to remind us of "a world peopled by a society created in Queen Anne's

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reign, wherein was no wrestling over meticulous moral problems, no groanings of the spirit over abstruse theological dogmas, no grey didactics, nothing funereal, oppressive or depressive, but a tolerant urban world made interesting by human foibles." That reminder is all very well, but it may be useful to point out that Mr. Russell is rather inconsistent when he condones those foibles (sexual indiscretions, chiefly) for he shows no inclination to condone the utterly dissimilar but no more reprehensible foibles of Cotton Mather and other religious men of the period who were also, in a sense, representative of "civilization." Rationalism, it might be remembered, is not the only test of civilization. And if it is not, Franklin may not remain unchallenged as the "first civilized American."

The book is beautifully printed, and full of most interesting portraits and reproductions of letters and documents.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

*The Outlook for American Prose, by Joseph Warren Beach. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $2.50.*

HAD Mr. Beach not found it necessary to search so desperately for an American literary Moses, this book would have been one of the soundest, sanest, and keenest works of criticism which America has produced. In its first chapters, indeed until he arrives at the final one, entitled Auguries, he performs with superb skill a service of the greatest value, a service which practically none of our younger critics appears to have the stomach or the courage to attempt.

In these chapters, Mr. Beach undertakes a cool, unprejudiced analysis of the styles of a number of the gods of our youthful intelligentsia, employing the scalpel with swift, unerring celerity upon such writers as Mr. Hergesheimer, Mr. Dewey, Mr. Hecht, Mr. Dreiser, and Mr. Van Vechten. His exposure of the incoherence of Mr. Hergesheimer and Professor Dewey, of the cheap turgidness of Mr. Hecht, of the banality of Mr. Dreiser, and of the pretentious vulgarity and emptiness of that preposterous product of half-educated aestheticism, Mr. Van Vechten, is masterly and devastating. It is the more effective as in it he pays full tribute to the very real virtues of both Mr. Hergesheimer and Mr. Dreiser, and even his withering comment on Mr. Hecht and Mr. Van Vechten is produced without any personal vindictiveness. The incoherence of Mr. Hergesheimer he lays to that writer's affectation, the incoherence of Professor Dewey to his sloppiness of thinking, while the banality of Mr. Dreiser he simply exposes without explanation.

Mr. Beach then turns to writers whose style he does approve, and pays generous tribute to the force and native tang of Mr. Mencken, to the wit and urbanity of the late Mr. Sherman, to the grace, flexibility, and flavor of Mr. Cabell. In his appreciation of the last named, he is particularly happy. When he writes: "Mr. Cabell has treasured from the old masters, not merely the tall words, which were always bookish, but still more, the sturdy little words that were never bookish, and are not bookish even now except as, in their modesty and plainness, they have a sharper and brighter appeal to the imagination than their flabby equivalents in contemporary style," we feel instinctively that here is a man who loves and treasures his native tongue. And then just as we are about to hail him as a critic jealous of the high standard of his calling, and impervious to the mere clamor of the moment, he lays before us Sherwood Anderson and Alfred Kreymborg as the fathers of American writing of the future!

It is hard to believe that in this Mr. Beach is taking a leaf from the bible of Mr. Van Vechten and Mr. Hecht, and attempting to win a title to originality by simply being "different." It is rather that, despairing of finding a Moses among the accepted writers, he has turned to two men, who though utterly different from one another, appear to be in strongest revolt against the accepted standards of the past. He feels that both Mr. Anderson and Mr. Kreymborg are sincere, and that neither could be produced anywhere except in America, however doubtful this may seem to most of us in regard to Mr. Kreymborg. He finds the style of Mr. Anderson, not the confused gropings of a powerful but baffled imagination, but something which is already well thought out. He accepts Mr. Kreymborg at once and utterly. It is very probable that in his matter Mr. Anderson has widened the borders of American literature, though there are many who will doubt the wisdom of his particular widening, but in his manner, despite many racy passages, he writes like a none too well educated schoolboy. As for Mr. Kreymborg, his seems too trivial a talent really to be taken seriously. It is a pity that Mr. Beach's acceptance of mere revolt, however sincere that revolt may be, as the example to be set before our future writers, should be the final note of this otherwise admirable book. To the average reader, it must stultify both the indictment and the praise which have gone before.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

*The Hill of Happiness, by George N. Shuster. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.75.*

IT IS, indeed, one of happiness, this hill upon which Mr. Shuster has built his unusually charming stories of life in an American Franciscan monastery. It is a hill swept by the winds of heaven, but whose leafy paths descend gently, with never a suspicion of steepness, to the little villages and farms below, drawing the life of the monastery and the life of the world together as though by a golden thread.

This monastery could never have been situated in a valley—it is too full of sunshine—too close to the infinite sky. From the summit of its hill, little stories unfold in the delightful manner that marks the tale told merely for pleasure and to give pleasure—stories in which the author has done well that thing which should be easy, but which, by some unfathomable paradox of literature, is most difficult—presented a fundamental truth naturally and convincingly. In this instance, the truth is that the essentially religious is ever the essentially human.

These gentle Brothers, following the rule of their beloved Saint Francis, living a community life of prayer, meditation and service, are portrayed as flesh-and-blood individuals possessed of many of the familiar, lovably human qualities that mark the children of men as we know them in the world, with only this difference—that in the Franciscans Mr. Shuster has written of, the qualities have been wistfully molded into the essence of the life of the religious—subordination of self.

The author of The Hill of Happiness has written of them as he knows them—and it is obvious that he knows and understands them well. Love and humor have touched each of his pages—and, after all, what two qualities ever combine as irresistibly as these?

Who will easily forget the circus-parade outcome of the argument between Brother Guido, the gardener, from the nape of whose cowl in certain seasons, "the birds chirped as they might have from the hands of Saint Francis," and Brother Alphonse, the librarian, who lived in "constant nearness to

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long shelves of ascetic volumes in dark calf," as to whether the ichthyosaurus ever lived or not? Nor how Brother Augustine found a name for the Balthaser baby—or how Saint Bonaventure's reservoir became, for the nonce, a "swimmin' hole" through the antics of the mischievous schoolboy who was later himself to don the brown garb of the Franciscans? And incidentally, in this last story, Mr. Shuster has shown that he can write about boys with the same understanding and natural charm that characterize his delineation of the friars.

Those who have had the good fortune to have lived under the roof of monastery or convent in their school years, will recognize how faithfully the author has reproduced the spiritual, human, and frequently humorous incidents of a sort common to such communities, where many of widely varying temperaments have chosen to gather together and blend their differing personalities in the service of God. A poet once wrote:

"I have built my house on a hilltop,
And its windows are wide to the sky."

In The Hill of Happiness, we find the windows of Mr. Shuster's monastery wide to the sky and to the human heart.

EDITH ADAMS.

*The Psychology of Religious Mysticism, by J. H. Leuba. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.00.*

TO BE told that he is a mediaevalist malgré lui would, perhaps, be the last thing that the professor of psychology at Bryn Mawr might expect to be said by a reviewer of his latest book. Nevertheless, there is much, both in his methods and his lines of thought, that establishes an intellectual kinship with the best Thomism; that, too, in spite of a professed scepticism as to the basis of "orthodox Christianity," as Mr. Leuba understands that somewhat debatable term, and with an almost religiously earnest trust in the scientific attitude that is generally taken to be the hallmark of the best "modern" thought.

The greater part of the present work is written from a purely "scientific" or empirical standpoint, and it is difficult to praise too highly the patient industry and the volume of research that is behind these interesting chapters. Following out the logic of a strictly psychological approach to the study of mysticism, the author is compelled to deal with all its forms and limitations, from the effects of hashish or bootleg alcohol to the religious ecstasies of a Saint Teresa, as being merely different degrees of the same thing rather than totally different things. It is here, strangely enough, that we find Mr. Leuba showing his spiritual affinity to those of us who accept the great Aristotelian tradition as it was modified and enlarged by the mind of Aquinas. For Mr. Leuba is acutely—and commendably—suspicious of the merely subjective. So was Saint Thomas Aquinas. The difference between them is that the thirteenth-century thinker and his school tested all subjective phenomena by their correspondence with the findings of a very exact and unemotional body of science known as theology, whereas Mr. Leuba has no such criterion. He does, it is true, in certain cases attempt to evaluate his mystics and their visions by a consideration of their ethical results—but in the present state of religious and philosophical thought he can hardly claim that this provides him with a definite and non-controversial standard, for one naturally asks, "Whose ethics? Those, say of a Havelock Ellis—or of a Kansas fundamentalist?"

Mr. Leuba is a foe to the extreme anthropomorphism which he finds in much of the language of mystics and in many of the forms of Christian theism. Here, again, he is a good Thomist. Scholasticism recognized the fallacy of the unqualified ascription of human emotions, feelings and passions to an infinite God: it also acknowledged the apparently anthropomorphic nature of much scriptural and mystical language. The philosophical doctrine of analogy prevented the dichotomy from being absolute, and made the bridge between infinite and finite susceptible of human apprehension even if it escaped complete comprehension. The question of the religious dogma of the Incarnation is, of course, outside this thesis, but one would like to protest in passing against a puerility in the author's treatment of the Blessed Henry Suso.

It is in the concluding chapters of his book that Mr. Leuba reveals his standpoint—that of scepticism as to the objective validity of mysticism and of the greater part of what passes for Christian belief and worship in our times. A really impartial thinker will not be much impressed by the table of statistics designed to show the disappearance of belief in God and immortality amongst scientists. Who has decided which are the "lesser men" and which the "greater men," conveniently provided for us in the schedule? In any case, can a metaphysical question (for such Mr. Leuba admits it to be, although with much reference to the pietistic school of theology for which "feeling is a safer guide than reason") be settled by a show of hands? It is too reminiscent of the story of an incompetent schoolmaster who was accustomed to decide a doubtful quantity in the classroom reading of a Latin author by having his pupils vote upon it.

The section on Saint Margaret Mary reads like an essay on the alleged evils of sex-repression by some earnest sophomore who has just mastered his first text-book of psychoanalysis.

GEORGE D. MEADOWS.

*Anthology of Newspaper Verse for 1925: Seventh Annual Issue, by Franklyn Pierre Davis: Enid, Oklahoma: Frank P. Davis.*

THE seventh annual issue of the Anthology of Newspaper Verse, covering the year 1925, is with us to remind us how much good poetry is reaching the public through that most fugitive and evanescent of all media, the daily journal. As education spreads—as thought becomes more and more articulate, it is plain we are within measurable distance of a situation reached centuries ago in certain countries of Asia, where the faculty of putting striking reflections and graceful fancies into a metrical form was no more than was expected of any educated man or woman, and where many short poems that strike us today as powerful and distinguished productions, were either anonymous or of merely traditional authorship. Under these circumstances, the function of the anthology, which gathers up and rescues from oblivion the best of these contemporary offerings, is a very real one, and great credit is due to the editors who make it their concern.

A brief preface by Mr. Franklyn Pierre Davis, who is responsible for the present collection, takes a cursory note of the tendencies that he has gleaned from the many thousand of newspaper clippings that came under his observation while wielding the editorial sieve. The darker and more tragic side of life, he observes, has been favorite ground. There have been "a surprising number of poems in which murder or homicide was the theme" together with a number, mostly from New England, whose inspiration was "spooks and haunted houses." It is plain, though Mr. Davis does not go on to the

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conclusion, that the influence of Edgar Lee Masters and Robert Frost upon American poets is very strong and that the sense of an indigenous past is growing in America, at least in that part of it where abandoned arms, grass-grown roads and mouldering headstones are at hand to enforce the lesson.

The temptation to quote, if once yielded to, would swell this notice to a length that would spell rough weather with editors and make-up executives. One may note, however, in passing, two poems, The Midnight Express, by Florence M. Wallin, and The Triangle, by Docia Karell, both from the Middle-West, that are terrible human documents in their uncouth and utter disillusionment; Nights, by Perley A. Child, of New York, a particularly graceful arrangement of modern sophistications, a little in the Dowson manner; Floyd Collins's Cave, one of the most successful attempts to reproduce the frontier ballad that we remember to have seen, and Wanton, by Virginia McCormick. If we reproduce the last-named textually, it is not so much because its briefness tempts us or its merit outstands, but because, in a certain bitter-sweet quality, a certain amorous asceticism, it is typical of so much good verse that is reaching us from the more delicate of our craftswomen:

"Strip her of her silken clothes,
Lay her lovely body where
Day's cold light may shine upon
Reddened lips and hennaed hair.

Goad her with your chastity,
(Virtue ever crucifies)
Read the pity in her face,
Love has made her very wise."

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

*Le Merveilleux Voyage de Saint Brandan à la Recherche du Paradis, by Paul Tuffrau. Paris: 10 francs.*

THE legend of Saint Brendan's voyage was among the most popular of mediaeval sagas. His Isle of Paradise, variously situated, continued to appear in maps of the renaissance period; inhabitants of the Azores and elsewhere long insisted that they had seen it on the horizon; it was not till the nineteenth century that all traces of the belief died out.

M. Paul Tuffrau, whose articles entitled Carnet d'un Combattant, attracted much attention during his four years of active service, has adapted the old legend, from various mediaeval sources, into limpid and flowing French. The beautifully printed volume is full of charm. Quaintest of all is the episode of the great fish Jasconius, a patient and obliging monster, on whose back the Saint and his companions celebrated Easter for seven years of their wanderings. Thereafter they were guided by an angel, through many days of inky darkness, to the gleaming Isle of Paradise, and allowed to wander over such portions of its shores as mortals might visit, till, led this time by a bird from home waters, they regained the shores of Erin, with ambrosial odors still clinging to their garments.

An historical basis has been claimed in recent years for the legend. Certainly it contains reminiscences of real journeys among its marvels: inlets like fjords, a grape-covered strand like the Vinland of the Norsemen, volcanoes and icebergs, or what seem to have been such, and cocoanuts floating on the sea. In spite of the old tale's constantly pious tone, it is seldom that its religious significance is important. The good


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monk and his companions are surprisingly like modern tourists in their consuming passion of curiosity. Saint Brendan never prays harder than when he wants to know what a multitude of white birds may mean or whether a tomb-like island contains a dead giant. And fortunately, for there were no Baedekers in those days, an explanatory miracle always occurs. In the case of the giant there is a post mortem baptism, like that of Trajan in the Paradiso, to justify monastic curiosity.

Many a mediaeval abbot, one fancies, must have allowed his monks the thrills of following these startling adventures, while salving his conscience with the thought that it was godly reading after all. Similarly did puritanical parents of the Victorian era allow their children the mild excitement of biblical authors as a Sabbath pastime.

Modern readers, surfeited with sophisticated fiction, should find the ancient story, in M. Tuffrau's delightful version, a thing of fragrant and ingenuous beauty. Since its French is as simple as it is elegant, it might be welcomed in the classroom as a change from the too familiar pages of Colomba and Pêcheur d' Islande.

T. Lawrason Riggs.

*Far End, by May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.*

AFTER reading one of May Sinclair's early books I own that, for many years, I cautiously abstained from reading another. But of late she has given us three or four stories so clever, so entertaining, so full of human understanding and spiritual insight that I hastened to read Far End in the eager hope of coming on a successor to The Cure of Souls, The Tree of Heaven, and the two Wyck stories.

Far End opens promisingly enough. There are exquisite descriptions of the lovely old English country-house and garden, with the romance of the two young couples who love it and fit into it so beautifully. And there is the tender touch of a war tragedy, leaving us with a suspicion that the beauty and sadness of the old house are going to haunt and influence the survivors in some mystic, supersensual way. But no! They leave behind the atmosphere and memories of Far End and go up to London, where we are dragged through thirteen dull, weary years of a hackneyed plot, unrelieved by any appeal to our sympathies or by witty talk or clever characterization.

If there is anything worse than the eternal triangle, it is two triangles, and the versatile man figures successively in two such episodes. The author—in the wife's name—carefully differentiates between them, the first coming through sex appeal—there is no mistake about that—and the second through intellectual affinity. It is all very bald and obvious and sordid. The wife, who had made an excellent start at being all in all to her supposedly talented author-husband, comes stupidly to neglect him, and appears utterly blind to the approaching dangers of the first triangle. It takes her several years to find it out, though the reader has long been irritatingly aware of it. She promptly forgives the first offense, but the second hits her own intellectual pride. It is only after many storm-clouded days that they eventually take refuge at Far End.

But I must do Miss Sinclair justice. I cannot see that her book could be a moral danger even to the most susceptible. There is no glamour thrown about the man or his affairs or his affinities—it is simply dull and unpleasant, and might well serve as a warning to any who may have illusions on the subject, though I doubt if that was the author's purpose. But I fear many of Miss Sinclair's admirers will regret that a book so far below her best powers ever saw the light of day.

Henrietta Dana Skinner.

*The Cowboy and His Interpreters, by Douglas Branch. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.*

IT IS fitting, now that the literature of the vanishing American cowboy has reached a stage where we have "a choice of platitudes or personalities," that it be documented; and such a documentation Douglas Branch furnishes in a straightforward, unaffected way, appearing as the destroyer of the cowboy myth. The western-story magazines, "tin Lizzies of American fiction" as they have been termed, in what they themselves call "big, clean stories," have created a golden cowboy mythology, of cliché super-noblemen of nature (or bad men) who in typewritten sagas snuff out human lives galore with callous indifference while shedding tears over their dying horse on the way to an inevitably happy matrimonial climax with a cowgirl as one-mold as they are.

Mr. Branch breathes on his subject a breath of humor and actuality, deflates his hero's romance-swollen "chaps," and allows him to stand forth as a genuine human being. His book goes beyond Emerson Hough's Story of the Cowboy in so much as it shows the cowboy as he really is (or, rather, was) by vivid contrast with the romantic nonesuch of pattern fiction and the movies.

Any picturesque epoch of the past is entitled to its legitimate accretion of romantic glamour, but glamour is not a synonym for stultification, nor, so to say, can it be sold by the pound. And this is what the author, in his account of cowboy life, song, clothes, work, language, exploits, virtues, deficiencies, and diversions makes most enjoyably apparent. Once he has described the cowboy as he is, he offers us a critical study of cowboy literature as a whole, good, bad and indifferent, which —together with an excellent bibliography—may be recommended to all omnivorous devourers of "westerns." Many spirited illustrations add to the attractiveness of the volume.

Frederick H. Martens.

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## THE QUIET CORNER

*I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.*—C. LAMB.

Britannicus, wandering uncertainly into the library, heaved a sigh and dropped, exhausted, into a chair. Miss Brynmarian regarded him severely, and then pointed dramatically to the clock.

"You're getting later every morning," she complained. "Now even Dr. Angelicus arrives before you do."

The Doctor unctuously flourished his blue pencil over a manuscript. "Yes," he said loftily, "I cannot but feel that I have been a model of punctuality lately. I really don't understand, Britannicus, why you can't get here earlier."

"It's the traffic," moaned Britannicus. "It's so congested that one could almost make a round-the-world cruise in the time it takes to get from Eighth to Forty-second Street. As a matter of fact, I was up this morning with the lark."

Miss Brynmarian regarded the hollows under his eyes suspiciously.

"There are no larks in New York. Say, rather, you were up all night on a lark," she remarked acidly.

"Er—how do you travel, Britannicus?" asked Dr. Angelicus hastily. "Subway?"

"No, taxi."

"Taxi!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Well, no wonder it takes you hours. The oxen-drawn cart of Europe is infinitely less leisurely, and also has the advantage of being picturesque."

"But I don't know where I could find an ox-cart over here," complained Britannicus, "and as it is now, I am spending practically half of every day in journeying thirty blocks."

"Do not despair," said the Doctor, pulling a clipping from his pocket. "I have here news of the greatest importance which will revolutionize the traffic in New York and bring every man to his office in as short a time as though the city were a deserted village with not even a solitary motor-car in sight—yea, even a shorter time."

"It is in poor taste to jest about such a grave municipal crime as the traffic congestion," said Britannicus soberly.

"Jest?" demanded the Doctor indignantly. "I was never more serious. In fact, I have just ordered a pair."

"Oxen?" asked Britannicus.

"Roller skates?" queried Miss Brynmarian.

"No—wings!" announced Angelicus impressively.

"It seems to me you are rather self-confident," remarked Britannicus. "Moreover, you seem to be in the best of health."

"You misunderstand," said Angelicus. "Allow me to read this to you."

The Doctor focussed his spectacles on his clipping and read:

"A despatch from Vienna announces that wings will soon adorn the least angelic of men, according to M. Lutsch, an Austrian inventor. (If the least angelic, why not the most angelic?" self-consciously asked the Doctor, looking up for a moment.) "He is credited with building an apparatus to be worn by the individual, which will enable everyone to do a certain amount of flying in comfort and safety. The machine consists of a pair of wings moved by an improved motor which, although extremely light in weight, furnishes a surprising amount of power. The first model weighed eighty pounds and lifted the inventor several yards from the ground and enabled him to move swiftly in any direction at will."

"Oh, Doctor, how lovely!" exclaimed Miss Brynmarian. "Will you let me witness your trial flight?"

"I shall, by all means, give an exhibition," said Angelicus.

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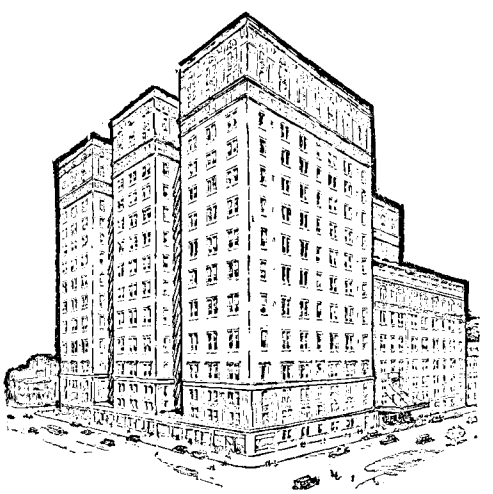

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"Every morning you will watch me flutter gently down among you."

"'White wings, they never grow weary,'" murmured Britannicus.

"Perhaps not weary, but they do grow soiled," remarked Miss Brynmarian practically. "I suppose they'll come in all colors. I think, for myself, that I will choose sapphire blue ones. And crimson ones would be simply sweet on you, Britannicus."

"Do you expect to travel everywhere with them, Doctor?" asked Britannicus.

"I do, indeed," replied the Doctor. "And it will be no distance at all from Brooklyn to the library."

"Not as the crow flies," admitted Britannicus.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the Doctor, flushing.

"Oh, nothing personal, nothing personal," said Britannicus hastily.

"I see you have another clipping there," suggested Miss Brynmarian. "What does it say, Doctor?"

Angelicus looked a trifle embarrassed as he read:

"London.—Dr. H. Mansfield Robinson, the telepathist, who claims to be the only man on earth to send a message to Mars, has added that he has received a message in answer. He also astonished reporters who called on him by declaring that he was still in communication with the red planet. Interrupting himself while being interviewed, he listened intently for a moment to a voice inaudible to others present, and then solemnly said: 'That is Comaruru, my lady friend on Mars. She was explaining to me why only a repetition of the letter m came through to Mars last night.' The reporters promptly dropped everything else to inquire about Comaruru. 'She is a great friend of the director of the biggest wireless station on Mars,' Dr. Robinson informed them. He coyly refused further information about the fair Martian."

"Your selection of those two clippings is significant," remarked Britannicus. "Do you contemplate using your new wings in an attempt to reach Mars?"

"Well, I will admit that this Comaruru intrigues me," confessed the Doctor. "Nor can I see why she should be girl-friend only to Dr. Robinson."

"Indeed!" sniffed Miss Brynmarian. "If I were you, before I went to see Comaruru, I think I'd ask first for her picture. It is said that the Martians have ears like cabbage-leaves."

"No, her name alone is sufficient to assure me that she is fair," maintained the Doctor, with a far-off, romantic look in his eyes.

"Well, if you are going to have a girl-friend named Comaruru on Mars, there's nothing to prevent me, when I get my new, becoming, blue wings, from having a boy-friend named Cockalorum on Venus," replied Miss Brynmarian airily.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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